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XUM

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We would specially urge our readers, in these difficult times, to place a definite order for The Bookman with their booksellers or newsagents, or to send a year's subscription (the rates are given at the head of this page) to the publishers, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, E.C. Either of these courses would greatly help to systematise and so reduce the work of our publishing department, and would ensure punctual delivery of the Magazine.

The April Bookman will be a Shakespeare Tercentenary Number.

Although the Shakespeare Tercentenary comes in wartime it is to be fittingly honoured. Stratford is making preparations to celebrate it, and practically all the Public Libraries in the kingdom are arranging lectures and exhibitions in connection with it. One of the most interesting books it occasions will be "The England of Shakespeare," which is to be published immediately by the Clarendon Press. This is an elaborate account of the life, society, customs, institutions and recreations of the Elizabethan age by Sir Sidney Lee. Sir Sidney has had the assistance of many collaborators, and the volume has been passed for press under the general editorship of Mr. C. T. Onions.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing shortly "Slings and Arrows," a volume of essays by Mr. Edwin Pugh. This is, we believe, the first collection Mr. Pugh has made of his miscellaneous essays. They have appeared in the *Fortnightly* and other magazines, and cover a wide range of social, literary and general interests.

"Chapel," a novel of Welsh family life by a new author, Mr. Miles Lewis, will be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Lewis is a member of a well-known Welsh family; he has placed the scenes of his story in Cardiff, in which district most of his life has been spent.

"From Mons to Ypres with French," a personal narrative of the first year of the great war, by Frederic Coleman, will be published immediately by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. Mr. Coleman was attached to Sir John French's Headquarters during the retreat from Mons, and subsequently to the

2nd Cavalry Brigade Headquarters, and to the 1st Cavalry Division Headquarters. He dedicates his book, "In affectionate recollection and unbounded admiration, to the splendid troopers of the Second Cavalry Brigade (9th Lancers, 4th Dragoon Guards and 18th Hussars)," adding, "the world has seen no finer soldiers in all its pageantry of war." It is good to read in his preface "I am an American, and I have believed from the commencement of the war that the Allies' cause was just," and, "an overwhelming majority of my countrymen who know the truth would do what lies in their power to further the success of the Allies and their righteous cause."

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing this spring "The House of War," a new novel by Marmaduke Pickthall. The House of War (*Dâr ul Harb*, in Arabic) was the name formerly given to the Christians in the Turkish Empire, as opposed to the House of Islam (which means Surrender) applied to the Muslims and their converts. Mr. Pickthall has already published (in 1906) "The House of Islam," and his new novel shows the other side of the medal. It is sixteen years since his first book made its appearance. After a prolonged sojourn in Syria and Egypt, at an age when most men are still at the University, he wrote what he himself dismisses as a frivolous and crude novel called "All Fools."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Dr. J. Johnston Abraham,** author of "The Surgeon's Log." Dr. Abraham has been on active service in Serbia, and is writing his experiences, "The Red Cross in Serbia," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall will publish shortly.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall.**

It was published three years later (in 1900) when he was twenty-five, but he felt so ashamed of it that he bought up the remainder and suppressed it. His next novel, "Saïd the Fisherman," written when he was twenty-four, was published by Messrs. Methuen in 1903. It had taken his agent three years to find a publisher for it, but when it appeared the critics were almost unanimous in their praises. It went through seven editions, and has recently taken its place in Messrs. Methuen's shilling series of novels. Mr. Pickthall has now about a dozen books to his name, all fiction except "With the Turk in Wartime" (1914), which is a book of travel, and most of them concerned with life in the Near East, a region which he loves and has studied exhaustively.

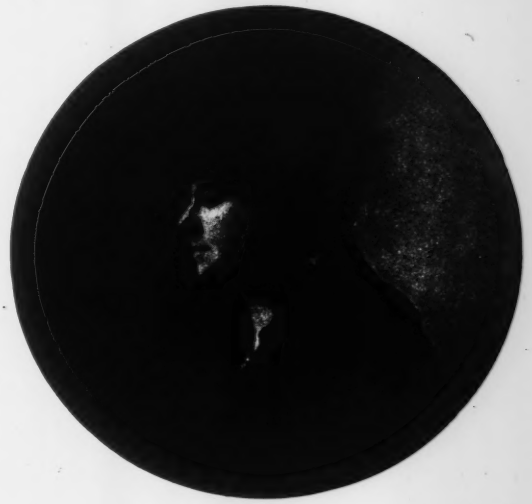
Mrs. Drower (E. S. Stevens) has lately finished a new book, a farce, a harlequinade, a gay excursion into Bohemia, which she is calling "And What Happened—?" It will be published in the summer by Messrs. Mills & Boon. "The Veil," Mrs. Drower's first book, was the result of several months spent at different times in wandering about Tunisia and Algeria. She had previously travelled in Germany, Italy, Sicily, and had, in fact, been out of England a good deal. She had also had about a year's experience of journalism. After publishing "The Veil" she went to Constantinople for about six weeks, and then lived for half a year in Syria, which produced "The Mountain of God." A second visit to Syria preceded her second Syrian novel, "Sarah

Eden." She lived for a while in Egypt and the Sudan, and made a voyage up the Nile through the Sudd region. Since the war Mrs. Drower has been residing in England, her husband having left the Sudan in order to "join up." He is at present Adjutant of the 13th Hampshires. Her latest novel, "Allward," met with a very considerable success here and in America, but Mrs. Drower says that certain critics were unfair to her in suggesting that the knowledge that book showed of gipsies and gipsy

E. S. Stevens
(Mrs. Drower).

life might have been obtained second-hand. From childhood up she has known the New Forest gipsies; has been friendly with four generations of them; and says she has used no word in her story that she has not heard in actual conversation with New Forest half-breeds. She protests against the habit that has grown upon reviewers (and we fully share her objection to it) of assuming that everybody who writes about gipsies must have read Borrow. Most reviewers who know all about Borrow know nothing, at first hand, about gipsies; and it is time somebody told them that plenty of people who know all about gipsies know nothing about Borrow.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing shortly "Caravan Days," a volume of short stories by Mr. George Goodchild, who is known as the editor of several

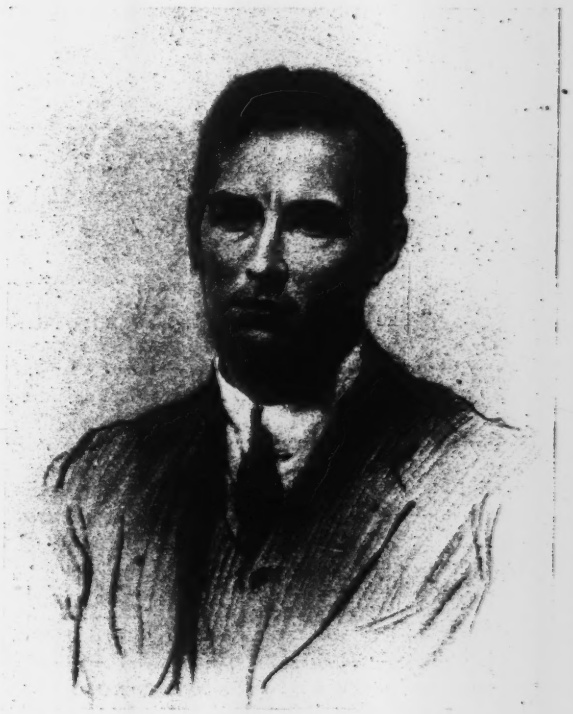


Lee Holt,

whose new novel, "Peter o. Potopah" (Hodder & Stoughton), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

popular anthologies and of "The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book." The stories are, as their title suggests, mainly concerned with life in the open air, and most of them were written before the author was twenty. The book will be illustrated by Mr. Claud A. Shepperson.

It is some little time since Mr. Gilbert Frankau gave us that brilliant Byronic satire, "One of Us." He has written a new book on a very different theme, and wrote it under altogether unusual conditions.



From a drawing by W. H. Caffyn.

Mr. George Goodchild.

His new poems, "The Guns," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus have published, were commenced during a lull in the fighting at Loos, and completed after the battle, when the brigade to which Mr. Frankau was attached was transferred to Ypres.

An authoritative Life of Watts-Dunton, by Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton Rickett, will be published shortly in two volumes by Messrs. Jack.

The Jest Book is one of the oldest of literary forms, and the fact that it has survived to be so is in itself a strong recommendation. "Jerrold's Jest Book for 1916" (Simpkin, Marshall), compiled and edited by Walter Jerrold, is one of the best of its kind, and contains a very mine of good things for the lecturer and after-dinner speaker. There are a hundred and forty-eight pages, with half-a-dozen laughs on every one of them.

Sylvia Lynd (Mrs. Robert Lynd), whose novel, "The Chorus," has been published by Messrs. Constable.

"Songs of the World-War," a new volume of verse by A. St. John Adcock, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward. The verses date from the beginning of 1913 to the end of 1915, and form a sort of sequence revealing the evolution of a man of peace into a man of war, an experience that has, in these latter days, been common to most men.

Messrs. Putnam have just published a second impression of Miss Violetta Thurstan's "Field Hospital and Flying Column," the journal of a Nursing Sister in Belgium and Russia. Miss Thurstan, who was recently lecturing in England, has now gone back to the front again.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing "The Hut on the River," a Canadian romance by G. B. Burgin. It is a quiet story of love and sensation, with a mystery in it that is only cleared up by the last words on the last page.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best criticism, in not more than a hundred words, of the Prize Lyric in this Number.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Miss E. R. Faraday, of Church Croft, Orleton, Herefordshire, for the following:

FAILURE.

I held for you Love's infinite domain,
Unveiled immortal splendours, all in vain:
You have contemned me while I agonised.
Your mind is for the tinsel crowns of earth,
You chose its small delights and shallow mirth,
Love's royalty despised.

Live as you may, for yours is not the wrong,
Not yours the impatient cry that broke the song,
The grasp that crushed the bud before its flower;
But I, Love's chosen, guardian of his shrine,
As one profane importuned for a sign,
And would not wait his hour.

Farewell, cold heart, be happy in your choice;
You never knew the music of Love's voice,
You have betrayed no vision, you are free.
Mine the offence, to whom the light was given,
And mine the darkness by no dawning riven:
Love will not pardon me.

E. R. FARADAY.

We also select for printing:

AUSTRALIAN SLUMBER-SONG.

O little tired love of mine,
Lie still upon my heart!
Outside the sultry moon-rays shine,
And ev'ry lonely watching pine
Stands motionless, apart.

No longer does the south wind blow,
Nor any breath of breeze;
But in the air the dull red glow
Of bush-fire gleams, and thick and low
The smoke hangs in the trees.

Across the night the long-drawn cry
Of some curlew is borne;
Its note re-echoes, weird and high,
And wakes thee, too—O, hush-a-bye,
Sleep softly till the morn!

Upon the far horizon's line
Lights of the city dart.
And art thou weary of their shine?
Then shut those tired eyes of thine,
And sleep, O little love of mine,
Sleep, deep, upon my heart.

(Robert A. Smith, Box 48, Post Office, Toowoomba, Queensland.)

INTERCESSION.

When the Patriots Heavenward throng,
Driven by War's relentless throng,
Passing through Death's open door,
Threshold crossed by Christ before—
Racked with pain and bathed in blood,
As in sunset's crimson flood—
Mother Mary, joyfully owned,
Queen of Martyrs, high enthroned,
Do thou, with thy glorious Son,
Plead for every stricken one!

When the noblest Sacrifice
Opened gates of Paradise,
Thou didst stand beneath the Cross,
Bearing agony of loss,
When thy Son in Death's embrace
Gave thee to the human race.
Mary, with a Mother's heart,
Look on these who played their part!
Mother, in each suppliant one,
See a suffering, wounded son!

(Alice Gill, 7, Mount Beacon, Bath.)

From the unusually large number of lyrics received we select for special commendation the fifty written by Margaret Tragett (London, W.), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesborough), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), E. R. L. (Durham), Herbert J. Hann (Weston-super-Mare), E. Leslie Gunston (Reading), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), Reginald Gray (London, W.C.), Octavia Gregory (Parkstone), Corporal Kent (Barry), Myrtle P. Bunnell (Bristol), E. R. P. (Cork), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. Drummond C. Monfries (Berkhamsted), Mrs. J. Archibald Morrison (West St. John, N.B., Canada), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), John Heys (South Shields), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Maud Cousins (Bournville), Mrs. A. Miller (Cairo), Winifred Hobbs (Hereford), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), E. Wray (Belfast), Eleanor Gray (Whitby), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Pax (Sheffield), Peggie Lawford (Birmingham), Winifred T. H. Bolton (Regents Park), O. H. Whitby (Yeovil), N. Hartley Roberts (Ealing), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Mrs. Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Harry Baxter (East Finchley), Kenneth Spooner (Hednesford), Gladys Berry (Luton), Ruby Lynn (Norfolk), "Margaret" (Birmingham), Doreen Tighe (Great Missenden), Cyril G. Taylor (Bridport), Carp (Cottesloe, W. Australia), Harry Wardale (Altrincham), Ruth Dobson (Brondesbury), O. E. Lindsay (Edinburgh), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), D. H. W. (Bowling), Grace Cracknall (N. Kensington), Percival H. Coke (York), W. V. J. K. (Derby).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Beatrice Craig, of Craigdariagh, Straidarran, Co. Derry, Ireland, for the following:

FIGHTING FRANCE. BY EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan.)

"It's telling on young William, who's reduced to skin and bone."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

We also select for printing:

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK. BY F TENNYSON JESSE. (Heinemann.)

"You don't see such sights every day."

W. A. EATON, *The Fireman's Wedding.*

(Rev. W. J. May, Wesley Manse, Banwell, Weston-super-Mare.)

Photo by Vandyk. **Miss Ruby M. Ayres,**

whose new novel, "The Road that Bends," Messrs. Cassell are publishing. Her last year's novel, "Richard Chatterton, V.C.," published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is achieving great popularity.

HUMAN NATURE. By M. C. LEIGHTON. (Ward, Lock.)

"Get place and wealth: if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place."
POPE, *Epistle I., Book I.*

(Miss R. Speight, Parkdene, Armley, Leeds.)

BENTLEY'S CONSCIENCE. By PAUL TRENT. (Ward, Lock.)

"But for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier."
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry IV.*

(Miss J. Shaw, 65, King's Road, Harrogate.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best war-time prayer in four lines of original verse is awarded to Mrs. Howell, of Dialgarth, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, for the following:

WAR PRAYER.
(*For the Men at the Front.*)

Lord, when the smoke of battle blinds our way,
And, 'mid the din, we find no power to pray,
Then, in our need, Thy loving aid afford,
Though *we* forget, do *Thou* remember, Lord.

The six best of the numerous other papers received are those by A. W. Mackenzie (Acton), F. Emily Morton (Croydon), William Sutherland (Sunderland), Miss M. Moulder (Bath), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Muriel Pinch (Battle).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review, in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss J. A. Jenkins, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, for the following:

THE IMMORTAL GYMNASTS. By MARIE CHER. (Heinemann.)

This is a prose idyll of the daintiest kind. It deals with plain facts round which it weaves a web of fancy, and this transfigures the harsh, unlovely realities until the reader has time to penetrate them for himself, when he discovers that fancy is reality, and reality fancy! There are three love-stories contained therein, each of which differs intrinsically from the other two. The wholesome daintiness of the idyll makes it inexpressibly refreshing, and the story leaves one with the unalterable conviction that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

We also select for printing:

THE SPIRIT OF MAN. By ROBERT BRIDGES. (Longmans.)

The late silence of the Poet Laureate is amply atoned for by the publication of this anthology. Compiled with special regard to the spiritual need of the times, it is no less a book of literary delight than a manual of consolation. The selections of prose and verse are drawn from a wide field, and are designed to form one continuous scheme illustrating various aspects of the higher life. A suggestive preface and illuminating notes complete an anthology which not only provides infinite comfort for these dark days, but is clearly destined to survive as a classic of its kind.

(Norman Boothroyd, Holmleigh, Batley, Yorks.)

THE DARK FOREST. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Martin Secker.)

The author of this book has been for more than a year with the Russian Red Cross, and the scenes and descriptions in his novel must be the result of his own experiences, for they read like faithful records of things seen and felt. But apart from the value of the book as a picture of the Russian campaign, it is worth reading and keeping, because the characters are all real. Trenchard, "the Dreamer," who is the central figure, not hero, and Marie Ivanovna, whom he won but could not hold, are often annoying, but never mere puppets.

(Nellie Hill, The Homend, Ledbury.)

CANADA IN FLANDERS. By SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The author brings home the significance of Canada's national upbringing, magnificently crowned by her devoted sons in the field. Her Government asked for twenty thousand men. In two months an Expeditionary Force of thirty-three thousand was sent to Europe. That was a fulfilment of the most sanguine dreams of Imperialism! What Agincourt is to English Shakespeare readers, so Ypres will be to the Canadians evermore. Sir Max Aitken vividly tells how they endured and rejoiced, indomitable through very great and pitiless dangers. Ypres is an epic of more than gallantry, for gallantry alone cannot support the brunt of modern warfare.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by Ernest J. Willing (Topsham), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), Rev. Robert H. A. Cotton (Ealing), Annie L. Beal (Barnes), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Marjorie M. Gibbon (Clapton), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Fanny Hoskins (Birmingham), Rolanda Hirst Wexford), Lyall Wood (Kingston Hill), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham), A. E. Gower (Haverhill), Gladys de Jong (Hartlepool), Marjorie Gibbon (Clapton), Matilda Hunt (Eastbourne), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), Doris Dean (Bromley).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. N. Goodman, 47, Francis Road, Watford, Herts.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

I.

"BORN as he was just where the Highlands and the Lowlands touch, he had amalgamated much of the characteristics of the two."

I noted those words in one of Cunninghame Graham's books. They struck me as illuminating, almost like an epitaph of a very elusive personality in modern letters. I clutched them as a marooned sailor might leap upon a water bottle. I saw in a flash that I had been saved weeks of profound meditation, and the risk of a libel action at the end of it. Not, I must admit, that I had not been working towards that conclusion—but the way was perilous.

There are contradictions in the character of Cunninghame Graham that might fret and defeat the southerner. There are pitfalls out of which he might never return. He is, for example, infinitely safer in the serene popularity of launching an attack on Mr. Bernard Shaw, in explaining Mr. Chesterton, in flinging himself prostrate before Mr. Arnold Bennett. There is no element of danger in such exercises.

But the pursuit of Mr. Graham is breathless. The chronicler commences with some cheerful absurdity as—"He is, can we not say, an aristocrat of the old regime standing hand in hand with the people"—and watches with stagnant eyes the hot-headed Socialist handsomely caparisoned in what I am sure he calls a "poncho," and bestride a "broncho" (or something entirely different) in Hyde Park. Further, he has not an air of wanting to stand hand in hand with anyone short of the Spanish Ambassador.

That kind of thing is called "a check" in hunting circles. It grieves the chronicler. He sits by the covert and after regaining his breath breaks away with a panegyric on romance, only to find that Mr. Graham is more realistic in the sunniest places than, shall we say, George Gissing in a London slum.

So he hies to Scotland—the land of lost causes. There he is immediately confronted by the '45 and '43. Cunninghame Graham loves the former because it is so nice and long ago. He loathes and abhors the latter because they wore such terrible clothes then, and were so passionately moral and preposterous.

But he is the child of both.

At which the chronicler purchasing "The Lyon in Mourning," "Disruption Worthies," "Chalmer's Sermons," "Pibroch Music for Beginners," "Down with Capital," "The Highland Chiefs," and "A History of the Argentine," in ten volumes, betakes himself to a lonely place and is heard of no more.

II.

In these progressive days the child is often grandfather to the man. A more sweeping change has, for example, swept over the Highland Line since 1860 than during the preceding two or three hundred years. Old things have not decayed — they have collapsed—as when an axe fells the oak in its prime.

In the days when Cunninghame Graham was a boy galloping his rough sheltie along the broken shores of Monteith, the Highland Line still divided, at least in memory, the old from the near at hand—the mature (if simple) from the raw—the Celt from the Lowland Scot.

There still clung, amongst the aged, ancient prejudices whose roots were buried deep in the past. Those silent hills were still haunted by the dim echo of forgotten feuds. Those were the days when drovers still lay wrapped in their plaids before a smouldering peat fire, when men of eighty spoke of the tales their grandfathers had quavered about Rob Roy, when the railroad was still struggling amongst the Northern hills.

All that is not merely picturesque—it is important. Not that I desire to link Cunninghame Graham with the days of George III.—I merely wish to emphasise the strange old world into which he was born in the year 1852. If he appears to carry with him an ancestral dignity it is not through weight of years. He is old only in memories, venerable only in ideals.

Cunninghame Graham was born a laird, and a laird he will remain even though he were to pass away the President of a South American Republic. He is a laird and a leader of revolt—a traditional pastime upon the Highland Line.

In those far-off days when we were more apprehensive of labour trouble than the German menace, he might be seen, the soul of poetry, shaking his fastidious fist over the sombre democracy of Trafalgar Square, the wonder and perplexity of a thousand genial demonstrators. But he was dreadfully in earnest, and that was "just where the Highlands and the Lowlands touch."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham.**

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

III.

The work of Cunninghame Graham is familiar to all persons taking the smallest interest in contemporary literature. Under such eloquent titles as "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," "Progress," "Success" and "His People" he has gathered together the imaginative sketches and impressions that readers of the *Nation* in particular have come to regard with eager and personal affection.

These pen pictures, to use the hackneyed phrase I think judiciously, comprise the treasures that he has gathered during many wander years, like the curios a man brings back from far-off shores. And they one and all reflect in several manners, as the mosaics link one with another into some eastern floor—an inherent melancholy, a grim irony, a store of poetic conception and simile, that with the exception of Conrad, are hard to find in contemporary authors. No other writer save Conrad has the same genius for the phrase that bites into the mind, and haunts the memory, and in literature as in life the infinite background of Nature provides to both writers its eternal treasury.

It is always foolhardy to illustrate what is an inherent atmosphere by isolated examples cut out of their context, but I recollect a passage where "Crows winged their way, looking like notes of music on an old page of parchment; across the leaden sky." Another occurs to my mind. An Arab funeral is passing, has passed until the high Eastern chanting became barely audible—the words I have never forgotten—"their chant in the thin air just reached the ear, fine and high-pitched as a mosquito's song."

These travel sketches glow more than they sparkle with powerful impressive metaphor. There is nothing superficial, dazzling or exaggerated in his art. Within the compass of half a dozen books there is the cycle of the things that have no absolute change—the East, the sunset, the horses loping past upon the timeless trail, the figures of human destiny making love or war in their ageless inconsequence.

Let me explain what I mean by that. I will quote a paragraph at random deleting the superfluous words.

"He tramped along slowly and doggedly . . . and yet resentful as an over-driven ox. . . . On his hands great freckles like the blotchings on a trout. . . . His neck scraggy and wrinkled as a vulture's. . . . His teeth all stained and broken, looking like those of an old horse, yellow and long with age."

An ox—a trout—a vulture—a horse. In his mind is always a vision of the desert, or the hills, and as a background some lonely rider (like the emblem of eternal unrest) crossing an eternity of space. Where other men write of children, or dogs, or savages, Cunninghame Graham has ever an eye upon a horse. For the others he cares not a jot. But for the horse he cherishes a tender—more—a passionate love and pity, a curious intermingling of compassion and pride. They are so strong, so meek, so brave and yet so meanly used.

"Hungry and ragged" he writes of them at a bull fight and might so have written of them on that greater slaughter field to-day, "hungry and ragged they had trodden on their entrails, received their wounds without a groan, without a tear, without a murmur, faithful to the end; had borne their riders out of danger, fallen upon the bloody sand at last with quivering tails and, biting their poor, parched and bleeding tongues, had died just as the martyrs died at Lyons or in Rome as dumb and brave as they."

Before I turn to the Scottish stories written by Mr. Graham I would like to pass one remark upon these American sketches in particular. I once asked a well known author why Cunninghame Graham's books did not appear to have won the large success they deserved, and as Mr. Graham has an almost hectic loathing for success, I write this with perfect calmness. My friend replied, "People hate being instructed." I suppose there is a lot in that. Indeed, judging by my friend's enormous sales, especially in America, I am convinced that there is a mountain of wisdom in the remark.

I have suffered from a vague feeling of resentment myself. Sometimes he cannot resist an opening sentence like this: "At intervals you might chance to cross some wandering Coventino, dressed in the poncho, and the bombachas of the Gaucho, journeying towards Asuncion . . ." That kind of thing is a mistake. Although a lover of general knowledge it left me cold. There is something devastating in the word "bombachas."

But the point is that it overwhelms and dismays the reader, who judges a book by the dialogue and by the title. For that excellent reason it is only within the last three or four years that Mr. Conrad, who in sheer imaginative genius stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries, has come to his kingdom.

IV.

I have no intention of criticising the Kailyard school, but I may be permitted this reflection. In the days of reaction when the "House with the Green Shutters" made so deep an impression, Cunninghame Graham could have presented, as no other, the Scot in his dourness and his bleak sardonic humour, his grotesque "stan' o' blacks," and his profound religious fatalism. He has recalled, here and there, without sentiment, sometimes without pity, but never without restraint, that strange rather incoherent world of the 'seventies. An instance or two of the simplicity with which he gets his effect may not be out of place.

In the following extract the laird is leaving his old house for ever—a scene beloved by the popular novelist for just those triumphs of the obvious that Mr. Graham so conspicuously ignores.

"Just at the cross roads which led into the park, beside the gate, a man stood waiting for them. He carried in his hand a hedge bill, and stood there waiting, as he had waited for the past twenty years for orders for the day. Now, he held out his hand, opened his mouth, but said nothing, and then, looking up with the air of one well learned in weather lore, said, 'Laird it looks like a braw day.'"

He betrays little love for the dour, black-coated elders who have in a mysterious way occupied the glens where the peat reek rose above the remote clachan long ago. He has no sympathy with their forlorn faces, nor their grey lives, nor yet their white, bloodless crofts. It is not rain beating earthwards that gives the following scene its hopeless melancholy. It is the dramatis personæ. The cart carrying the body of a ploughman goes jolting out of sight. The widow stands alone at the door—the hill mist rapidly obscuring the clump of mourners on the weeping brae.

"When the last sound of the cart-wheels, and of the horses' feet amongst the stones had vanished into the thick air, she turned away and sitting down before the fire, began mechanically to smoor the peats and tidy up the hearth."

That is the Scottish way.

V.

But through these stories of the changeless East or of the passing race of the North—there sounds now insistently, sometimes afar off, the mournful inconsolable note of old departed days. It is a heritage of race that few born on the Highland Line ever wholly outlive. Of the kindly winsome personality of Cunninghame Graham I have said nothing. Those who love his work will know the kind of man he is. In the world of to-day, he passes like a kind of Don Quixote or Admirable Crichton, in appearance unmistakable, in conversation unsurpassed, dazzling in wit and the telling of an anecdote, a great horseman, a charming rebel.

But to meet him casually one would not believe that he had written the following—telling of his return to an old cottage near Monteith. It sounds the sustained unending dirge of a coronach.

"The door was shut, shut against me, and shut upon the last of my old friends; so, sitting down upon the step, on which no longer was a pattern laid in chalk, I smoked and meditated, seeing a long procession pass upon the road, all riding ponies which grew larger towards the end, until a man upon a horse brought up the rear. They stopped before the house, which seemed to have turned newer, and in which a fire of peats burned brightly on the hearth. Then, from the door—but—I will return no more (*Ha til mi tuliadh*); he who waits at the ferry long enough will get across some time."

And yet, unless this brief article is wholly and foolishly at sea—that is the real Cunninghame Graham, the man whose feet are set in that land of memories where "the Highlands and the Lowlands touch."

FREDERICK WATSON.

THE READER.

THE POETRY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

By Sir Sidney Colvin.

THE death of Mr. Stephen Phillips, ending a battle against enemies in his own blood and being which he had long lost all hope of winning, cannot be said to have cut off any great promise or likelihood of fine things to come, seeing that, with the exception of a few lyrics, his work of the last seven or eight years has either been but an enfeebled echo and repetition of that of the preceding eight or nine, or else has shown a distinct falling off from it. Indeed, but for a trained and saving sense of English, the many short pieces on subjects of the day which he wrote in the year or two before his death have scarcely been above the average level of occasional newspaper verse. From the "Poems" of 1898 to the "New Poems" of 1908 were his years of power, and during them he made a contribution to English poetry and poetic drama which seemed, while it was fresh, to most of his seniors and contemporaries to be of high, even of splendid, value. We may have overrated it, especially those of us who were his friends and lived much, as I did during his good years, under the impression made by his voice and presence. Cold and impassive with strangers, he was magnetic to the touch of sympathy, and in company where he felt at home the genius in him would often break out with striking power. It was in the reading or recitation of poetry, whether his own or another's, that he was most impressive. I have heard, I think, almost all the poets and actors of my time, and the utterance of none of them was at all comparable to his in quality either of sound or meaning, of elocution or interpretation. The tones of his voice could make even the poetry one had known and loved best all one's life seem to spring from, and appeal to, hitherto unguessed and unplumbed depths of imaginative passion and experience. I shall never lose the thrilling memory of a certain night of inspiration when he went through, to an audience of two, nearly all the scenes in which Othello and Iago, either or both, play their parts. But with Browning's "Prospice," or even with the four lines of Wordsworth's "A slumber did my spirit seal," I have known him produce effects almost as great. Keats's famous account of the way in which both the sensual and spiritual life of verse sprang warm from the lips of Edmund Kean is the only thing in literature which gives some idea of the kind of effect I mean.

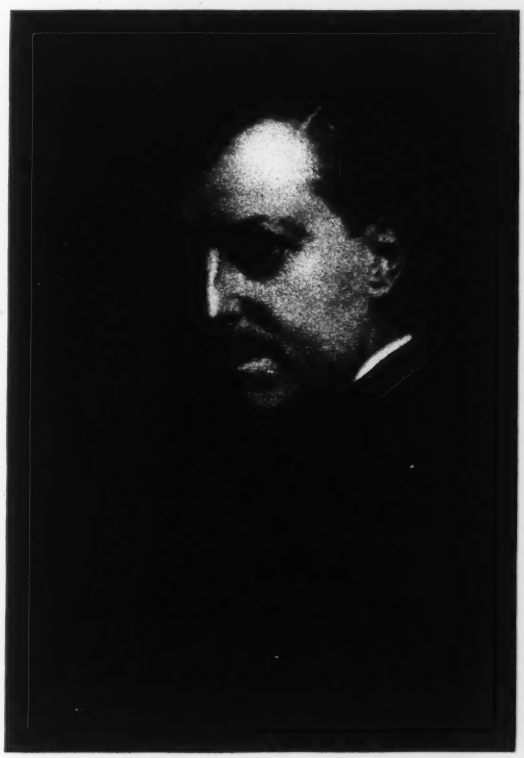


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Stephen Phillips.**

Well, having heard nearly all Phillips's work of his best time read by him when it was newly written and unprinted, one may well have been predisposed to overrate and overpraise it. But not nearly so much, I am convinced after re-reading, as it has been underrated and belittled, according to the usual mechanical see-saw of criticism, since. To one critic, for instance, who in the swing of the re-action wrote of him as "quite a minor poet," there is no reply to be made but simply, "Stuff and nonsense." By the gifts of fire, of passion ("the all-in-all in poetry," as Lamb has it), by natural largeness of style, and pomp and melody of rhythm and diction, as well as by intensity of imaginative vision in those fields where his imagination was really awakened, Phillips belonged to the high lineage and great tradition of English poetry.

Of the many and variously gifted younger poets who have claimed public attention in the last dozen or fifteen years, some, perhaps the majority, have preferred to work along new and untraditional lines and to take the risks attendant upon such an adventure. To speak of the dangers run rather than the successes achieved,—one tendency in the new generation has been to discount fire and passion as needful elements in poetry and to cultivate rather the qualities of serenity and restraint, qualities admirable where there is evidence of strength and ardour to be restrained, but only too easy to the cool-blooded. Another risk arises from the tendency to substitute for imaginative vision energies of mere thinking, a subordinate and much commoner faculty which has its own part to play in poetry, but needs control to keep it from plunging into thickets of irrelevance or sloughs of prose. Yet another tendency, concerned with matters of poetic form, has been to write in obedience to new and questionable theories of metre rather than to spontaneous promptings of the musical ear and instinct. Another is to be so shiveringly, I had almost said unmanfully, afraid of prettiness as to run away from and renounce beauty, choosing to dwell among the ugly and squalid things of life, a

dangerous choice except for those who can direct upon them that purging fire of the soul which alone can fuse them into poetry. Part of the recent depreciation of Phillips's work, has been due, I think, to the natural interest taken by the rising or just risen generation in the new poetry experimenting in these directions and exposing itself to these risks; but when the next swing of the critical see-saw occurs (and in these days it swings quickly), matters will be righted, and the author of "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" and the rest will come into his own again.

To say that Phillips belonged to the true lineage and tradition of English poetry is by no means to admit that he was an imitative and not an original writer. On the contrary, both as poet and man he was of a temperament as personal as it was powerful, and it is the temperament and indwelling spirit, not the forms and measures chosen, that make the originality of poetry. Phillips was no great metrical innovator or inventor, though the triple-time longs and shorts of "Midnight—1st December, 1900," and "The Doom of Sails" are, to my mind, among the most successful experiments in unrhymed lyric that have been tried in English. For the rest, he could stamp an indelible individuality on blank verse whether narrative or dramatic; on the closed "heroic" couplet, that form almost disused since the romantic revival; and on such ancient and popular never-to-be-worn-out measures as the familiar alternately rhyming eight-and-six. When one of the ablest of the critics trained and steeped in modernity, "Solomon Eagle," speaks of his blank verse as merely reproducing the cadences now of Milton and now of Tennyson, he surely mistakes absorption, which is one thing, for imitation, which is quite another. It is true that Phillips loved Milton and Tennyson and had taken them into his being as few have done. His lines "To Milton—Blind" are, as Mrs. Meynell has lately pointed out, nobly his own and worthy of the theme; while those in a later volume, headed "Vergil and Tennyson," not so high in aim or in achievement, define the relations of the Victorian to the Roman poet, with complete critical judgment and insight. And he himself can in a sense recall those two master craftsmen in English blank verse, respectively the Michelangelo and the Cellini of the craft, by the volume and variety and subtlety of the effects, majestic or exquisitely chiselled as the case may be, which at his best he is able to produce. I say at his best, for Phillips worked always more by gusts of inspiration than by sustained care in craftsmanship, and was apt to let a weak or even a childishly bad and careless line intrude here and there even into his finest work. As for imitation in any stricter sense, let us take at random any characteristic passages from the dramas, as this of Athene to Telemachus:

"O should Ulysses come again, how long,
How long should strangers glut themselves at ease?
Why, he would send a cry along the halls
That with the roaring all the walls would rock,
And the roof bleed, anticipating blood,
With a hurrying of many ghosts to hell
When he leapt amid them, when he flashed, when he cried,
When he flew on them, when he struck, when he stamped them dead!"

Or this of Agrippina to her son:

"My age! Am I old then? Look on this face,
Where am I scarred, who have steered the bark of State
As it plunged, as it rose over the waves of change?
I was renewed with salt of such a sea.
Empires and Emperors I have outlived;
A thousand loves and lusts have left no line;
Tremendous fortunes have not touched my hair,
Murder hath left my cheek as the cheek of a babe."

What echoes are to be discerned here, I do not ask of Paradise Lost or of Tithonus or Œnone or the Idylls, but of Samson Agonistes or of Becket or Harold?

Other criticisms directed against Phillips's work have more foundation. Intense as was his faculty of imaginative vision and poetic emotion, its range was limited, and within those limits he was prone to self-repetition. In handling the simple, direct, universal human joys and sorrows, longings and regrets, connected with the sexual and conjugal, the parental and filial relations, his power was great and his touch often new and revealing. For the sense of the past in the present, the mystical stirrings of far-off legendary association, the heightened and vibrating apprehension of cosmic sympathies between the universe and man, aroused in the human spirit in moments of spiritual tension or tragic passion—for these he found forms of utterance which were beautiful and entirely his own. These two strains together contribute almost everything to "Marpessa" and account for the immediate hold which that poem took, and as I believe will recover in spite of its occasional flaws and lapses, on lovers of poetry both trained and untrained. But if now we turn to the "Endymion" of the 1908 volume, we shall find it composed almost entirely of the same two strains of feeling and imagination differently motived and combined. Parenthetically, on the question of his originality in relation to other poets—not to himself—it may be remarked that when Phillips chose for re-handling themes on which predecessors, even the greatest, had already set their mark, he was never imitative, but for better or worse attacked them according to conceptions of his own. The obvious example is of course "Paolo and Francesca": a sacrilege, as some may think, on Dante, but perhaps justified by its own rare beauty and pathos as well as by the example of Dante's countryman Silvio Pellico (Leigh Hunt we had better leave out of account). Another instance is the aforementioned short poem, "Endymion," a thing over-mannered and not first-rate, but in conception and treatment wholly independent of Keats. Good cases in point are the two short pieces, "The Parting of Launcelot and Guinevere," a Tennysonian theme wrought without the fine chasing of Tennyson but with a far intenser passion, and the admirably vivid tragic vision of Beatrice Cenci in the little lyric so named, which might have been written just as it is had Shelley not existed.

In another field altogether Phillips, when I first knew him, promised work of true power and originality, and that was in the field of character and destiny among crushed and suffering city lives. His surface observation both of the crowd and of individuals was intense: his divination and suggestion of histories behind the surface, imaginative and penetrating. "The Wife," "The Woman with the Dead Soul," "The Hospital

Nurse," "The Woman with the Flower," and in the way of vivid instantaneous vision, "Faces at a Fire," "The Revealed Madonna" are instances. I wish he had carried out his purpose of trying much more in this vein. One somewhat similar has been worked by a later poet, Mr. William Wilfrid Gibson, in a vocabulary closer to that of daily life, and in many instances with admirable power and success. In a different vein, that of the simple lyric of human love and loss and wonder and regret—simple in form, but deeply subtle in emotion—the two series from the first volume, "The Apparition" and "Lyrics," can surely not be omitted from future anthologies of the poetry of that day. The latter has again been especially noted as among perfect poems of pure sadness, by Mrs. Meynell. Sadness is indeed the prevailing note of all Phillips's personal and meditative poetry: sometimes, in the case of the cries forced from him by that perpetual sense of enemies within himself stronger than he could resist, a sadness rising to the pitch of agony, yet mixed with a kind of hopeless glorying in his pain. For these cries the old couplet metre, moving with an insistent rush and an energy springing, as it seems to me, from deeper sources than the Byronic, is his chosen form: "A Poet's Prayer," "Grief and God," "Aye, but to die," are chief examples.

Drawn by Vernon Hill.

"And some not guarded by this starry aid
Have by such dark ungovernable souls
Been whirled for ages to and fro the void,
Or prisoned in some glacial, still despair."

From "The New Inferno," by Stephen Phillips. With sixteen drawings by Vernon Hill. (John Lane.)

The face in this drawing is an impressionistic sketch of the poet from a passing glimpse the artist once had of him in Mr. Lane's shop.

So far I have spoken only of Phillips's personal poetry, narrative, lyric, or meditative, leaving aside the dramas which after 1900 absorbed most of his energies and constitute by far the chief bulk of his work. The later attempts in that form, "Iole," "The Adversary," "The King," and the recent "Armageddon" may, I think, be dismissed as the work of exhausted faculties and containing only here and there a phrase or line or two of the old power. "Faust" was a collaboration piece and made small pretension to originality. There remain the five, "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod," "Ulysses," "Nero," and "The Sin of David." All these have been tested on the stage, and in spite of performances in which only one or two parts were in each case adequately sustained, the first three at least had far greater success than any attempts at poetical drama in England made by other hands, including the most famous, within living memory. It is objected that the poet, having been an actor and working with actors, has constructed his plays with too obvious and mechanical a stage-craft; that they are weak in the elements of character creation; that the persons are not made to speak vitally and spontaneously from within, as the great creators made their persons speak, but to describe and expound themselves in speeches put into their mouths from without, as it were decoratively and artificially; that the speeches themselves are too rhetorical, and the rhetoric often too ornate and flowery and sometimes redundant and tautological. There is something in such criticisms, but not nearly as much as some of the critics imagine; and there is very much indeed to be said on the other side. Knowledge of stage construction and instinct for stage effect are virtues rather than vices in a playwright. The infinite genius and resource of Shakespeare as a creator of individual characters, over and above all his other overwhelming powers, has led criticism in this country to forget that the intense individualisation of characters has been no part of the aim, still less of the achievement, of drama, at any rate of tragic drama, in some of the great literatures of the world. It is not a capital element either in the Greek drama or the classical French. Action and passion are the capital elements. Characters are broadly marked. The clash of passions, the workings of destiny and circumstance, are exhibited in persons who are sometimes little more than abstract types of this or

that particular passion. Their utterances are in the main generic rather than minutely individual. The poetry they speak must indeed be appropriate to the action and the occasion, and to their characters as broadly delineated, but for the rest must make its appeal by its own intrinsic beauty and power.

Stephen Phillips.

Phillips's aim in drama was intended to be on Greek lines much rather than on Shakespearian. And in the main I should contend that his endeavour was successful. No one can deny the thrilling power in actual, even though imperfect, representation of many scenes in his plays: the suspense before the climax in the last act of "Paolo and Francesca," the discovery by Mariamne of her brother's murder, and even the long-drawn holding back of the fatal truth from the demented megalomaniac Herod of the last act; the throwing off by Ulysses of his disguise: the murder of Britannicus in "Nero," or the preceding scene of the denunciation of the young tiger-æsthete of an Emperor by his mother. (These two characters, by the way, are surely very much more than types, and go near to be individual creations truly achieved. And let it be remarked that in any future representation of this play the original scene of Agrippina's murder, as printed in the late volume "Lyrics and Dramas," must be reinstated in place of the scene, absurdly foisted in to win sympathy, where Nero is made to express delight at the failure of his first shipwreck plot.) In all these plays much of the poetry is of the writer's best, and of a beauty and power richly varied and standing well the test of re-reading or re-hearing after some lapse of years. Rhetoric in poetical drama there needs must be, and between the right and appropriate rhetoric of a situation, when it is touched with beauty and passion and imagination, as much of it in these plays truly is—between such rhetoric and unadulterated poetry the line is difficult to draw, if it can be drawn at all. My belief is that all five of these plays would bear revival, nay, would appeal with more vitality than at first to audiences rendered graver and more sensitive by the tremendous ordeal of the hours now passing. But where are—where will be—players competent to conceive and interpret the passions and rightly to speak the lines? At this moment I know of not more than two or three at most. There was a time when I fancied Phillips might himself become a teacher, and train others to the exercise of his own noble gift of poetic and dramatic speech. But with him it was a matter of gift and instinct only, not of a method he could formulate and impart. Those who knew him at his best will always be haunted, not by the thought of the inauspicious stars under which his physical nature was compounded, but by the memory of those accents which used to bring home to us the innermost heart of the great poets as well as that which was most nearly allied to them in himself.

DELANE THE MAGNIFICENT.*

BY WALTER SICHEL.

THE great nineteenth century editor of *The Times* may be said in many ways to have resembled the famed Florentine magnifico of the Renaissance. He was most distinguished, most eminent, most characteristic, but he was a connoisseur far more than a creator, a discriminator rather than an artist. He sipped, as it were, the fine wine of men. Like Lorenzo de Medici, he knew their vintages and how to decant them. He was at once subtle and solid. He was able to rule and embody a galaxy of Government in a way that more than influenced the larger world. Each of them, too, on occasion recalls Pope's words of Addison:

> ". . . . Like Cato, gives his little senate laws
> And sits attentive to his own applause."

And each was natively independent. Delane could rebuke alike the Lord Palmerston whom he loved and the Gladstone whom he did not. Like Lorenzo also, Delane was at the core an unromantic nature in a romantic setting. He unconsciously exploited even while unconsciously he enriched the roving romance of his generation.

For essentially Delane—in his period and setting—was John Bull at his best, however much he could banter himself as being "a Welsh Irishman domiciled in England, but strongly attached to Scotland." His inherent common sense—his Sancho-Panzaship, so to say—dominated the position and made short and often masterly work of more than one Don Quixote in his generation. And Delane became an institution—indeed, more than an institution. He controlled *The Times*, and *The Times*, especially in those millennial

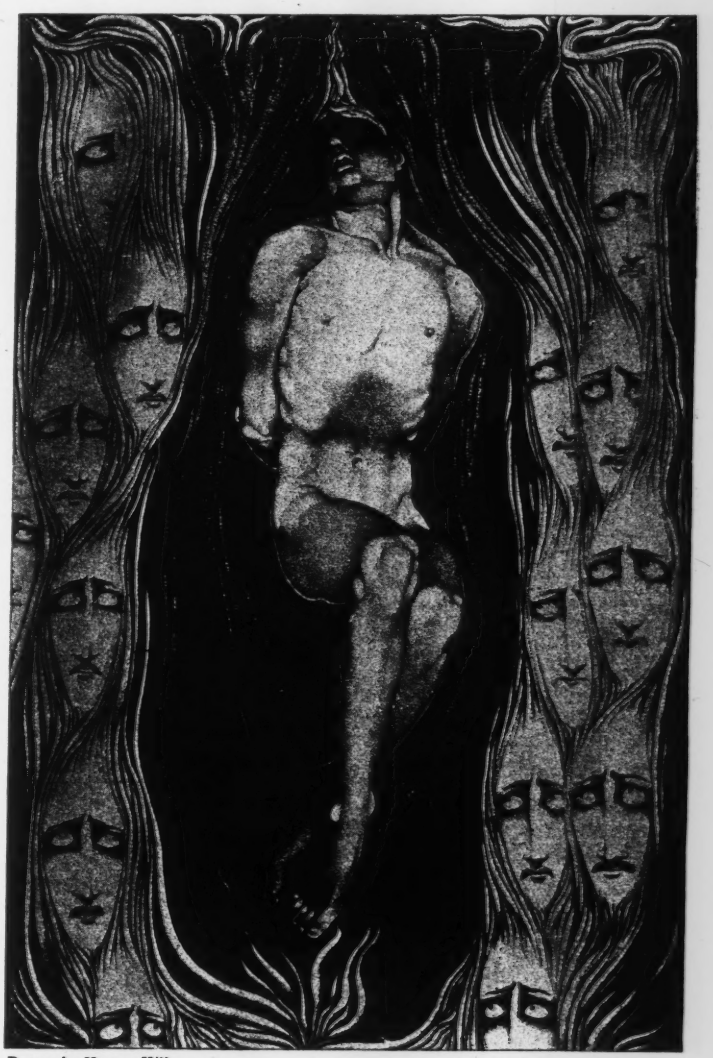
* "Delane of *The Times*." By Sir Edward Cook. 5s. net.—"Makers of The Nineteenth Century." Edited by Basil Williams. (Constable.)

'fifties and 'sixties, stood for England—Great Britain it was not always, but it was quite ready and worthy to be. Never did it strike the peddling or the puling note. If it did not always aspire, it never grovelled. And if it sometimes blustered, it rarely did so without reason. Nor did it ever hold a precarious or vicarious place. Delane knew exactly what ground he took—what firm ground—and how to remain there or budge—for budging was part of his representative ideal. He reined in the makers of policy and he harnessed them to his quite easy-going car. If it was typically true, as was related (not in this book) by the late Lady Cardwell, that at some great party several dukes rushed to put down the great man's coffee cup, it is also true that this was quite as it should have been. Lorenzo de Medici would not have thought it odd at all. Editors get the dukes and dukes the editors they deserve, and each in certain concentrated eras and areas can do much with the other. It is true that Cobden and Bright—utilitarian reformers—objected—as also did the present Lord Morley—to Delane's penchant for aristocrats. But, then, so did Lord Derby to his "plebeian" policies, and "keyhole" Greville indeed lamented that he "ran a-muck" of aristocracy. We all object to what is beyond our grasp till it is within it, and surely he is the most influential who touches at many vital points the light and leading that lie outside the general contact. If Cobden affected his merchant princes and Bright his rich spinners, why should not Delane have delighted in the dukes (and duchesses) who were indeed vastly useful to him.

The editor of the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series has done well to include Delane, who was as much a type of the Victorian Press as was Arnold of the public school headmaster; as much as Landseer and Millais were the typical painters, Tennyson the typical poet, and "Pam"—Delane's chosen affinity—the typical premier. Sir Edward Cook in condensing this biography from more spacious materials has done his work clearly, thoroughly, and admirably. Here and there we may dissent from his conclusions, or even scent perhaps a bias generously under control; here and there, too—especially as regards Disraeli, we may wish to supplement (even while we remember the strict scope of his work) both the perceptiveness and the range. But, on the whole, he has omitted little that would serve and committed less that could insure a true discernment of his theme, and in rebuking Lord Morley's aspersions he has been manifestly fair. Moreover—and this is important in dealing with a personality like Delane's—there is nothing cloistral about the biographer. Throughout, he shows himself a man of the world without any of those condescensions and pretensions that go to warp the judgments of a "superior person."

Delane was cradled in the purple. Lord Chatham did not rear his son more deliberately for the premiership than Delane the elder—who had a financial post in connection with the great paper—did his for an eventual dictatorship. That elder Delane was a friend and neighbour of John Walter's in Berkshire, helped his canvassing, and reaped the reward. Not that the young son had not many other experiences before he finally settled down. He rubbed shoulders with life at many angles—the university world, the world of sport, of doctors, and, through his brother, of soldiers. But he was an editor born. Not in vain had he walked the hospitals. He was made to feel the pulse and regulate both the diet and the medicine of the public.

Barnes had been his editorial predecessor—once, by the by, of the Lamb *coterie*—a caustic recluse with scant "pushfulness" and none of those fine antennæ whereby (joined to a pertinacity of Hercules) Delane felt his way in the big world of risen reputations and coming events. But it was under Barnes' auspices (though Sir Edward omits this) that the young Disraeli first came into serious contact with *The Times*, writing *inter alia* those "Runnymede Letters" that added Lucian to Junius. Nor has Sir



Drawn by Vernon Hill.

"On passing, to an open space we came
Where flared a raging fire, and one within
Burned, in a flickering flame writhed to and fro.
Around him spirits danced in furious glee."

From "The New Inferno," by Stephen Phillips. With sixteen drawings by Vernon Hill (John Lane.)

Edward noticed how much by creative and constructive opposition during the Crimean War—and in language well fitting to-day—Disraeli forwarded Delane's ends and succeeded in bringing Palmerston in to save the situation. Nor, again, any more than Delane, does he seem to have grasped how the Reform Bill of 1867 was but the climax of a long and far-sighted policy which for fully twenty years Disraeli had prepared, matured, and advocated. Into these details there is no space to enter, yet it is well to recall Delane's *dictum* of the genius-patriot, that he had "the gift of foreknowledge almost beyond the apprehension of mankind."

Delane soon established his mastery not only over details and policy, but over the Olympians who piloted a paper daily watched by all Europe. So astute, so Medicean, in fact, was Delane that many of these were mutually unknown, and could pass one another on the fateful staircase without recognition. There was an imperial flavour about the whole concern. He sent forth his emissaries and war correspondents as if they were ambassadors, and he was much piqued when the French, in 1870, declined to allow the famous Sir William Russell to follow the Staff. Prussia, however, accepted him, and not the least amusing passage in Matthew Arnold's "Friendship's Garland" is the burlesque of him dismounting so grandiosely at Versailles. *The Times'* office became a throne-room, and Delane an uncrowned king, who sometimes dictated even Government appointments.

When ruptures occurred, notably during the chief's absence—as happened in the case of "Pomposo" Reeve—they took the air of dynastic quarrels. Ministers were concerned at them, and not Napoleon himself could have quelled his brothers more authoritatively than Delane quelled his mutineers. The contributors—not all of them celebrated—took their orders and worked his will—or rather, as he ever maintained, the will of *The Times*, a compound of the moment, the proprietor, and, above all, of "Jupiter Tonans." It was Delane who inspired, insisted and kept apart. Seldom did he write—indeed one of the very few articles wholly from his pen was the one which dismissed Gladstone and hailed Disraeli. But always he instructed. He had secret agents and informants in every part of the world: his news was swifter than Downing Street's—and often more correct. And all this was done with a smiling, florid, sportsmanlike countenance, with no trace of any sallow craft or calculating silence. Always he strove to represent what the average Briton would think reasonable—under all the many circumstances divulged exclusively to Delane. And always he stood for much more than this. He surveyed Europe from his eminence. "To talk to him," wrote one of his associates, "was like talking to the great political world itself, and one's mind seemed to move in a larger sphere after a short discussion with him."

Constantly he was right both in diagnosis and forecast, yet—usually through lack of imagination—sometimes he erred, whether from cocksureness or caution. He was palpably right—save in his estimate of the feeble, amphibious Lord Aberdeen, an estimate coloured by friendship—throughout the Crimean War, and he helped much to rectify its recurrent crises and to prepare for saving eventualities. But he was often wrong about Russia, specially as to her infringement of the Black Sea Treaty. He was very insular, too, about the Spanish Marriage; and at first, in 1870, he backed "Casquette against Pumpernickel"; but he was wrong as the struggle proceeded, and—characteristically enough—directly he saw that he was wrong he shifted his course. Unlike the Bourbons, he learned everything and forgot everything. By his sources of omniscience he was often able to anticipate events. He was the first to announce the coming repeal of the Corn Laws, to realise the railway mania, to promulgate the French Revolution in 1848. He communicated Guizot's movements to Aberdeen, events in India and America to Lord Palmerston, all the ramifications of cabal to all who could defend the interests of Britain. Nor did he ever care to receive "confidential" documents from high quarters. That, as he said, only precluded him from knowledge to which he could easily find access without any stipulation of reserve. He formulated policies, and had championed Irish land-reform before it even entered into Mr. Gladstone's head. He would dare anything, and his reproofs of Queen Victoria's segregating grief drew forth a royal and unique reply in his columns. Queen Elizabeth would have loved him, but all the same she might have beheaded him in the end.

Such, however, was not the spirit of his age. In three episodes he figured which touch the colossal conflict of this moment. He supported Palmerston's weak policy in the Schleswig-Holstein affair when Disraeli sounded such an uplifting note. That was not one of Delane's triumphs. But an episode attended it which six years later was to conduce towards a real *coup*. In 1865 the project of a secret treaty was mooted between France and Prussia whereby the latter was to assist the former against any third power if the Emperor of the French "should cause his troops to enter Belgium or to conquer it." In 1870, little more than a week before the outbreak of hostilities between France and Prussia, a certain Baron Krause of the Prussian Embassy called on Delane, "at the express command of Count Bismarck," and disclosed this Benedetti compact. It was published, and then the fat was in the fire. Disraeli took occasion to say that he regarded the extinction of Belgium as "a calamity to Europe and an injury to this country." Gladstone disdained to announce "that we would not in any case stand by with folded arms and see actions done which would amount to a total extinction of public right in Europe." Five years passed by and another stirring secret was revealed. M. de Blowitz—the prodigy of journalistic insight whom Delane had discovered through a miracle of memory—acquainted him with the Kaiser's renewed plot for the destruction of France. Delane carefully tested a disclosure so unexpected and sensational, and then finally he published it. That publication may be said to have kept the peace of Europe. "No greater honour," well wrote Delane, "than to have averted war is within the reach of the journalist."

On his relations to Lord Clarendon and many other less and more illustrious influencers of history there is no room to dilate. Delane rose on the high tide of *The Times* pre-eminence. He never relaxed his genial vigilance. He held his public by knowing them. He was a supreme manager of men.

From a drawing by Vernon Hill
Kindly lent by Mr. John Lane.

Stephen Phillips.

BELGIAN PROSE AND VERSE.*

By FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE literary movement which began about 1880 in Belgium, and was still vigorous down to July of 1914, has an intrinsic interest apart from that which everything Belgian at present arouses. Not only are many of its individual manifestations of great value from the purely artistic point of view, but in its sharp duality, Flemish and Walloon, it reflects a very important aspect of national life. Mr. Bithell's book, therefore, should have a more permanent appeal than the topical one which no doubt accounts for the date of its publication, especially as it is the first one of its kind which has been produced in England.

It is not a book for those who know, or propose to know, the subject of which it treats, but rather for those who will be satisfied with such extracts as may be found in anthologies or with Mr. Bithell's own translations, the casual curious reader who, paraphrasing the hackneyed, might say: "Maeterlinck we know; Verhaeren we have heard of; but who is Rodenbach?" There is a fair proportion of mere anecdote in his pages, and Mr. Bithell is not the subtlest of critics.

He devotes a chapter to the beginnings, the literature which flourished between 1830 and 1850, paying special attention to Charles de Coster, whose "Legend of Ulenspiegel," the epic of the Flemings, is certainly the most notable work of that prehistoric period; and another to the days of awakening which saw the foundation of *La Jeune Belgique*, *L'Art Moderne*, *La Wallonie*, and the other organs of revolution, and the publication of the *Parnasse de la Jeune Belgique*, in which many men who have since risen to fame made their début. It is a good story of enthusiasm and extravagance and rivalry such as occurs now and again in the history of every literature. Of those who emerged from the first ferment, who had come to stay, Camille Lemonnier, Georges Eekhoud, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and Eugène Demolder get chapters to themselves, while the rest and their successors are appropriately grouped under generic headings. Mr. Bithell does not confine his attention to "*la littérature belge d'expression française*," but devotes two chapters to the novelists and poets who have written in Flemish. Of the former, Stijn Streuvels, the baker novelist, is by far the most important. Mr. Bithell's account of him is admirable, but he does not mention the recently published volume of translations of his stories by Mr. Texeira de Mattos in his rather sketchy bibliography. The chapter on the Flemish poets is largely made up of quotations, no doubt from the anthology of "Contemporary Flemish Poetry," by Mr. Bithell himself, which is announced as in preparation for the "Canterbury Poets" series.

Mr. Bithell's shortcomings as a critic are due, in part at least, not to his failure to appreciate, but to his inability to express. Again and again his writing reminds one of a rather second-rate translation, and often, though one sees that what is in his mind is sound enough, he uses a totally inappropriate epithet; for instance, "risky" is the adjective which he applies to the frank and clean paganism of Charles van Lerberghe's comedy, "Pan." This verbal ineptitude accounts, no doubt, for the flavour of vulgarity which is not infrequently present in his pages; but, on the other hand, one cannot altogether acquit him of a certain cheapness in some of his interpretations; as when he describes Maeterlinck's "Serres Chaudes" as "a most dismal display of dirges by a man who, perhaps, never felt ill in his life, but who had great business ability and the knack of supplying the demand." "Serres Chaudes" are certainly vulnerable to criticism; a case might even be made for denying them any literary value whatever; but the suggestion that they were written as pot-boilers is grotesque. But then, anything written in "*deprimirter Stimmung*" is suspect to Mr. Bithell. Even Verhaeren, whom he once held to be "the greatest of all French poets, past and present," but now considers to "run the risk of being overestimated," is accused of pandering to fashion in the black pessimism of his middle period; and the German critic, Stefan Zweig, whom, a fortnight before the outbreak of war, Mr. Bithell introduced to England with every sign of enthusiasm, is sneered at for taking Verhaeren's "pathological" poems seriously. On the other hand, Mr. Bithell champions "Les Flamandes," that crude piece of juvenile realism, against the critics, and even against the poet himself. He likes his art strong, and in Belgian literature he finds much to his taste.

* "Contemporary Belgian Literature." By Jethro Bithell. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

New Books.

"THE RED HORIZON."*

"The Red Horizon" is one more page torn from nature's book, by the hand of Patrick MacGill. Lovers of his fine, lately-found art of prose narrative, emanating from the soil of his birth, will not be disappointed in his picture of the artillery-held lines of Artois and French Flanders. We enter the fight with the simple fortunes and abundant humours of six or seven young riflemen who have just been "turned into soldiers" in an English cathedral town. The soil of France, its farms, its familiar barns, its rank field flowers whose roots flourish in a blood-drenched ground, its village priest, its ruined churches—furnish the scene of their struggle. It may be said that the soil of France is the heroine of "The Red Horizon"—there is not a woman in the story.

The vivacities of a section of a platoon in a company of the London Irish attend us from trench to rest camp and

* "The Red Horizon." By Patrick MacGill.

rest camp to dug out. There are originals among Section 3. "Patrick" of the book, the narrator, is the senior; Pryor is a pessimist of nineteen, fastidious in women; Goliath is a massive Cockney in glasses; Feelan has a brogue and a love of song; Bill Sykes—so nicknamed apparently for his narrow chest and good nature—has cockney humours which enliven hardships, with sometimes an alarming tendency "to give the show away." Mervin is "my mate" in the narration, he has travelled and is mysterious about his former experiences, also about a sweetheart in Ireland, but his secrets die with him when he is killed at the shelling of a keep where he is on guard. More humour than sentiment is expended upon this group. The pathos is in their youth. They are most wonderfully simple. "Patrick" of the story makes a speech in a dug-out, over a banquet, on the eve of an advance. Not a trace of thought or learning—of which, however, he is suspected—escapes him. Nor is there any attempt to make history with Goliath or Bill Sykes. They are evanescent figures, disappearing into the din and smoke and intricacy of the defence. They were all early volunteers in the war and in spite of much grousing, they know they are holding the line between Givenchy and La Bassée. Long waiting and inaction without sight of the enemy brings down the cloud over hardship. But the joy of the sortie comes at last. Section 3 forms a covering party for the Engineers.

"'They're out to-night, repairing the wire entanglements,' said the platoon sergeant.

"'Any more of the Section going out?' I asked. . . . In one point our wires had been cut clean through by a concussion shell, and the entanglement looked as if it had been frozen into immobility in the midst of a riot of broken wires and shattered posts. We passed through the lane made by the shell, and flopped flat to earth on the other side, when a German star-shell came across to inspect us. The world between the trenches was lit up for a moment. The wires stood out clear in one glittering distortion, the spinney, full of dark racing shadows, wailed mournfully to the breeze that passed through its shrapnel-scarred branches, white as bone where their bark had been peeled away. In the mysteries of light and shade, in the threat that hangs for ever over men in the trenches there was a wild fascination. I was for a moment tempted to rise up and shout across to the German trenches, 'I am here!' No defiance would be in the shout. It was merely a momentary impulse born of adventure that intoxicates. Bill sprang to his feet suddenly, rubbing his face with a violent hand; this in full view of the enemy's trench in a light that illumined the place like a sun.

"'Bill, Bill!' we muttered hoarsely.

"'Well, blimey, that's a go,' he said, coughing and spitting. 'What 'ave I done, splunk on a dead 'un I flopped, a stinking corpse. Oh! nark the game, ole stiff 'un,' said Bill, addressing the ground where I could perceive a bundle of dark clothes, striped with red, and deep in the grass. 'Talk about rotten eggs burstin' on your jor; they're not in it!'

"The light of the star-shell waned and died away; the Corporal spoke to Bill.

"'Next time a light goes up you be flat; you're giving the whole damned show away,' the Corporal said. 'If you're spotted, it's all up with us.'"

We have said that there is no woman in the story of "The Red Horizon"—a regrettable absence from the pen that created Norah.* But the vignettes of French women abound, slightly sketched on the road-side. The "café lady," the farm girl who sells wine and holds her head so high in the shelled farm kitchen, remain in the memory. There is a chapter to be laid to heart—"The Women of France." They work more silently those women of Picardy than the men. They toil unremittingly, whether in the half-ruined farm or near the firing line. We echo Bill Sykes' remarks, "They are great women, the women of France."

"The Red Horizon" carries us as far as August, 1915. We leave the combatants in sight of the hills of Lorette, Souchez and the Labyrinth. The great adventure of Loos is hinted at ahead. We hope it will be the theme of Mr. MacGill's next novel, and that it will be no fragmentary reflective idyll of the war, but the drama of a man or a woman brought close to the stupendous events. We had looked for the Irish novel of the future from Mr. MacGill, but we think he is well fitted to mature a great novel of war. He is unsparingly realistic in his descriptions, but his art is free of the pessimist's scepticism which would diminish our idea of a soldier. Patrick, at times a prey to sad reflection, is conscious of a soul that calls out, "I am here," in the face of the enemy. The greatness and littleness of military service appear interwoven in a story of the ranks. Even Bill the Cockney, without self-control beneath the star-shell, has plenty of resistance in the fight, and boasts of it afterwards—in, however Falstaffian fashion, with at least a sense of pride in his company. The insignificance of death to the outward eye, which troubled the mind of the contemplative author of "The Children of the Dead End" when chronicling accidents to obscure navvies, becomes part of a whole heroic struggle when the Brigadier in the present chronicle, interrupted in glorious action, passes out of the battle and life, only saying "I think I must be wounded." The moral is the same at the unimpressive passing of the navvy, the private, or the gallant General. But the author leaves us to draw it with a better notion of human worth and human fellowship than in his first book. It is no perverted art of the Emile Zola school which prints these on the mind whilst depicting all the ghastly realities of war. It must be owned, however, that the final word of the poetic chronicler is Rest.

"When the feet are sore and swollen, and when the pack-straps cut the shoulder like a knife, the journey may be tiring, but the glorious rest in a musty old barn, with creaking stairs and cobwebbed rafters, amply compensates for all the strain of getting there. Lazily we drop into the straw, loosen our puttees and shoes, and light a soothing cigarette from our little candles. The whole barn is a chamber of mysterious light and shade and strange rustlings. The flames of the candles dance on the walls, the stars peep through the roof. Eyes, strangely brilliant under the shadow of the brows, meet one another inquiringly. 'Is this not a night?' they seem to ask. 'The night of all the world?' Apart from that, everybody is quiet; we lie still resting, resting. Probably we shall fall asleep as we drop down, only to wake again when the cigarettes burn to the fingers. We can take full advantage of a rest, as a rest is known to the gloriously weary. There is romance, there is joy in the life of a soldier."

In his abundant sense of the worth of life and in the progress of his philosophy we look to the author, in the future, for another expanded picture—another fuller valuation—of the life of the soldier.

Mr. Patrick MacGill.

* In "The Children of the Dead End." Its sequel should have been named "Norah," for its subject is her life. This moving narrative is called "The Ratpit."

ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

It is more than a year since the publication of the preceding volume of this important and scholarly work, and over eight years from the appearance of the first volume. Of the contributors to the present instalment, Professor Saintsbury has been the most frequent one, his work being found in every volume except Nos. IV. and VI. Mr. Harold Child, formerly sub-editor of the *Academy*, makes a good second, having contributed to six out of the twelve volumes now published. With the appearance of two more, which are to be published simultaneously, the History will be completed. In compliance with the wishes of several subscribers, two additional volumes will be issued supplementary to the History proper, consisting of extracts in prose and verse illustrative of its text. This piece of news will be very acceptable to those students whose bookshelves are slenderly stocked with the works of the various authors dealt with, and to whom access to a well-equipped public library is precluded. To many, the present volume will be as interesting nearly as any of its predecessors; to some, perhaps, the interest will be greater. The authors whose work is passed under survey are Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Landor, Leigh Hunt, De Quincey and Jane Austen. Other chapters are devoted to Lesser Poets, Reviews and Magazines in the Early Years of the Nineteenth Century, Lesser Novelists, the Oxford Movement, the growth of Liberal Theology, Historians and Scholars, Antiquaries and Bibliographers. In addition there are Bibliographies which occupy more than a fourth of the book. And there is a very satisfactory and complete Index.

The undertaking having been initiated by one of "the sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth," it is, perhaps, quite in keeping that the writers of the various chapters should be those who at one time or another have been connected with those institutions. Many of them are professors; even the University of Indiana, U.S.A., has been honoured by its Professor of English being called upon to contribute the chapter on Hazlitt. Why, one is at a loss to discover, though it is due to the writer to add that the request has resulted in a very interesting and well-informed article. There does not appear to be, so far as one is aware, any contributor who has been especially identified with any particular author. That, perhaps, is not essential. Be that as it may, there can be no gainsaying the fact that the various articles are of the greatest interest, and their authors men whose knowledge of their subjects is as intimate as their judgment is sound and discriminative.

None of the writers seems to have been called upon to adjudicate on an author with whom he is not greatly in accord. Perhaps the contributor to whom exception should be made is Professor Saintsbury, whose appreciation of good literature is so intense, and so stimulating to his readers, that some sympathy must be meted out to him in his having to refer to a goodly number of Lesser Poets to whom, however, some reference had to be made; a circumstance which, of course, connoted his passing through many dreary tracts at the very foot of Parnassus. Still, the thing had to be done, and none could have accomplished it better and with such little display of impatience.

His article on Landor is excellent. After referring to the "almost hackneyed, but well-justified summary: 'For the *vulgus* never: for the *clerus* surely,'" he adds:

"In such cases, there is always a temptation either to join the chorus or to take the equally easy but even less commendable line of more or less paradoxical disparagement. In the foregoing estimate a strenuous endeavour, based on long acquaintance and frequently revised impression, has been made to keep the difficult and dangerous middle way of strict criticism."

What follows is well worth consideration:

"The quality in Landor which repels, or, at least, fails to attract, some readers, except from the side of pure form, was well, if almost accidentally, pointed out by a critic hardly professional, at least as regards English literature, but exceptionally scholarly, and not in the least given to carping—the late Lewis Campbell, who complains of his 'aloofness and unreality.' It is only in the *apicés* of his poetry, such as 'Rose Aylmer' and in a few passages of his prose, such as the purple passages of the 'dreams,' the scholar episode of 'The Citation and Examination of Shakespeare,' and a few others, where these peculiarities are overcome by genuine passion or, in one way or another, positively suit the subject, that Landor escapes a certain artificiality. Another very happy phrase of Campbell, applied to Landor's friend Dickens, emphatically does not apply, except on these rarest occasions, to Landor himself. His characters are never exactly 'human effluences,' they are effluences of books and of a fantastic individual combination of scholarly taste and wilful temperament. His aloofness is not the poetic aloofness which Matthew Arnold adumbrates in the famous passage of 'Resignation'—a critical but, at the same time, sympathetic contemplativeness—for, except in relation to literature, and even largely as to that, he is nothing if not *un*critical; while even his sympathies, which are often keen, are so twisted and turned by whims and crotchets of all kinds that they are never to be depended on. That his humour is even more uncertain has been said already. When any lover of style and form remembers not merely his great show pieces but the smaller patches—the 'stripes of purple,' as Quintilian would say, woven into all the prose, and not sparingly scattered over the verse—he is apt to pronounce Landor one of the mightiest of magicians; and so, at these times, he is. But he is a Prospero with a most imperfect and intermittent command over his Ariel, and, perhaps, always better suited to uttermost isles of fancy than to the Milans of the actual world."

Lamb students will turn with interest and curiosity to Mr. Hamilton Thompson's article on Charles Lamb. His only other contribution is one on his namesake without the "p," in the tenth volume. He does not appear to have been associated in any way with his present subject. Nevertheless, and perhaps merely on that account, his chapter on a well-beloved name is very attractive. His remarks on Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare* are judicious. Especially noteworthy is his comment on Lamb's admiration of one scene in Ford's "Broken Heart," which "tempted him into a comparison out of all proportion to the actual merits of the episode."

Mr. Thompson seems to share the opinion of most writers on Lamb with regard to his "usual habit of embroidering fiction on fact." Certainly Lamb prided himself on being a *matter-of-lie* man in contradistinction to a *matter-of-fact* man; nevertheless, towards the end of his life he told his friend Bernard Barton that the more his character came to be known the less his veracity would come to be suspected. And the truth of this statement has been proved over and over again. Mr. Thompson may, therefore, in the absence of documentary evidence, rest assured that Lamb would not have repeated, not only in his essays and one of the poems, but also in a letter to Manning, the statement that his father came from Lincoln or the neighbourhood, if such had not been the case. Biographical details are not as a rule entered into in this History, but the Lamb article is an exception, and rightly so, for without a knowledge of these, a complete understanding of his works both in prose and poetry must be lacking. Mr. Thompson, however, in this respect is not seen at his best. Many errors are to be noted.

Mary Lamb was not the second but the third child of her parents. It is by no means proved that the "fair-haired Alice" lies buried in Widford churchyard. Apparently Mr. Thompson is unacquainted with the late Canon Ainger's article on Charles Lamb's first love. Coleridge's renewal of friendship with Lamb, after their early intimacy, took place probably between 1794 and 1795, not as is stated between 1792 and 1796. Lamb's poetic association with Charles Lloyd began a year earlier than that given in the article, when the latter published his "Poems on the death of Priscilla Farmer" in 1796. Cambridge in 1799 did not hold "George Dyer, of Emmanuel." No authority is given for the statement that in his story *First Going to Church* in *Mrs. Leicester's School*, Lamb "blends memories of the Temple Church *with Coleridge's Youth at Ottery St. Mary*." (The italics are mine.) It was in *January*, 1813 not June of the year that the "Confessions of a Drunkard" were printed in *The Philanthropist*. The collected "Works of Charles Lamb" (1818), were

* "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Edited by Sir A. W. Ward, Litt.D., F.B.A., Master of Peterhouse, and A. R. Waller, M.A., Peterhouse. Vol. XII. 9s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

dedicated to Martin Burney as well as to Coleridge. Elia's "amusement at the rigid business qualities of the sect" is not "declared in 'A Quaker's Meeting.'" This "declaration" is to be found in the essay on "Imperfect Sympathies." It is very misleading to state, as Mr. Thompson does, that the best of Lamb's prose work written at Enfield appeared in "The Last Essays of Elia." The only essays in that book written at Enfield were those on Elliston, *Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago*, and *The Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art*. It is a matter of taste, of course, but one demurs at the assertion that alone of his lyrics "The Old Familiar Faces" is immortal. Surely some degree of immortality may be assigned to those lovely verses to "Hester." Emma Isola's marriage took place on July 30th, 1833; not in August, as is stated. Of that act the present writer has proof in the shape of an extract from the marriage register of St. George's, Hanover Square. Charles Lamb died on December 27th not 29th. Finally, it is inaccurate to say as is done at the end of the article that Mary Lamb accompanied her brother on his visit to Coleridge at Nether Stowey. The compiler's name is not appended to the Bibliography, which is very incomplete. The outstanding omissions are the late Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's "Charles and Mary Lamb," published in 1874, important in that it contains the letters of Mary Lamb which formed the basis of Mrs. Gilchrist's monograph on Mary Lamb in the "Eminent Women" series; the late Mr. Bertram Dobell's "Sidelights on Charles Lamb" (1903), and Charles Kent's "Centenary edition of the Works of Charles Lamb" (1875). In spite, however, of the foregoing sins of omission and commission, Mr. Thompson's essay is a beautiful tribute to Charles Lamb's self-sacrificing life, and a just appraisement of his writings.

Though so much space has been devoted to the Lamb article, it is far from the writer's intention that it should be supposed to be the one essay of outstanding interest. It merely indicates his own personal leaning towards his favourite author. There are others of the series which will doubtless appeal as compellingly to other readers; such as those on "Byron" by Professor Moorhouse, "Scott" by Dr. Henderson, "Shelley" and "Keats" by Professor Herford, "Jane Austen" by Mr. Child, and "The Oxford Movement" by the Ven. Dr. Hutton. Doubtless others will be attracted by the remaining articles which are not strictly confined to literature as such.

In his account of the "Lesser Novelists," Mr. Child has unaccountably omitted all mention of such delightful novels as "Hajji Baba," by J. Morier, "Tom Cringle's Log," by Michael Scott, and Mary Woolstonecraft Shelley's "Tales and Stories," edited by the late Dr. Garnett and published in 1891. They are, however, with the exception of the last-named work, noted in the Bibliography of the subject.

Altogether the present volume is as interesting as any of its predecessors, and reflects the greatest credit on its authors.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

SOMEWHERE NEAR HELICON.*

The first of these books moves the heart because of its patriotic motive and burden. Poets of England and some poetasters, from Ben Jonson, Massinger and Lovelace to—never-mind-who, have given of their literary fruits to this good gathering. For the simple, democratic price of half-a-crown can be purchased this anthology, "The Fiery Cross," which for its stirring and uplifting contents will be a source of spiritual and patriotic strengthening to these anxious days, and a treasury and reminder to the days to come.

> "What have I done for you,
> England, my England?
> What is there I would not do,
> England, my own?"

The proceeds of the sale of this accessible, acceptable volume go to the Red Cross Fund. *Verb. sap.!*

Mr. Brend, for his "Freshets from the Hills," has seemingly gone toward Helicon; but their waters are not particularly sparkling, and rather trickle than leap. He who would sing of Paganism and the gods and myths of Greece, needs power and inspiration in no small compass and degree. Mr. Brend is painstaking and earnest; but we must leave it at that. So, too, with "Earth-Lays." Mr. Tolly's instrument is not adequate to the occasion. His subject is no less than the universe of material existence. He stands at his telescope and moralises on the stars; he wanders into an old quarry and moralises on the forces of nature at work and play, with man as a mere nothing beside them; and so throughout the eight-and-twenty items of this well-produced book. His vision is far-reaching; his thought is sound and keen; but he would have done better to have printed his verse as prose, for prose it is, and verse not at all. The division into lines is merely arbitrary. Here, for example, is a passage taken by chance, printed as prose:

> "But there come sudden hours, when, as it were, I crystallise and know myself one with an Essence of the whole, immutably. All flows again: but each time, pure, I've known Eternity and Time—forms of one Being."

What else is that but prose; so why print it otherwise?

Our fourth book is a remarkable piece of work. That "Spoon River Anthology" will achieve anything like its deserts is, indeed, doubtful; but those who have read it carefully will not fail to appreciate its extraordinary quality. It has imperfections, of course; but what are they when its reality, ingenuity, irony, insight, vision are recognised. It is unique. It braves the conventions in ideas and form. It unmasks the human pose. The idea of the book is that the dead who lie in the graveyard of Spoon River tell the truth about their past life, its purposes, vanities, hopes and end. The people of that American township were an ordinary lot, as humanity goes; but Mr. Masters shows how mankind, even when ordinary, is extraordinary indeed. Examples, however, are at present more helpful than comment, though to read the book is really the only thing. Says "Blind Jack," a wandering minstrel:

> "I had fiddled all day at the county fair,
> But driving home 'Butch' Weldy, and Jack McGuire,
> Who were roaring full, made me fiddle and fiddle
> To the song of *Susie Skinner*, while whipping the horses
> Till they ran away.
> Blind as I was, I tried to get out
> As the carriage fell in the ditch,
> And was caught in the wheels and killed.
> There's a blind man here with a brow
> As big and white as a cloud.
> And all we fiddlers, from highest to lowest,
> Writers of music and tellers of stories
> Sit at his feet,
> And hear him sing of the fall of Troy."

Although the form of the verse is that of Walt Whitman, it is in all other respects but stark sincerity different from his. It is more homely, although it treats of the infinities, and less prophetic in guise. Mr. Masters ventures to sing through the silence of the tomb, but necessarily sheds no light on the realities beyond; although in his later poems he does touch mystical heights and achieves the expression of spiritual beauty. These dead people who out of the darkness speak suggest that the old lost life was more real than their present. Says "the Village Atheist, talkative, contentious, versed in the arguments of the infidels":

> "Immortality is not a gift,
> Immortality is an achievement;
> And only those who strive mightily
> Shall possess it."

* "The Fiery Cross: An Anthology." Compiled by Mabel C. Edwards and Mary Booth. 2s. 6d. net. (Richards.)—"Freshets of the Hills." By Charles Cunninghame Brend. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Earth-Lays, Geological and Other Moods." By Colin Tolly. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Spoon River Anthology." By Edgar Lee Masters. 6s. net. (Laurie.)

We need, however, not pribble or prabble because Mr. Masters out of his daring cannot read the riddle—the riddle of death—that is infinitely more inscrutable than that of the Sphinx. He has done wonderfully as it is, and the manner in which he demonstrates the co-relation of contemporaries, however different their conditions, rich or poor, humble or pompous, debonair or simple, is most ingenious and suggestive. We and the next-door neighbour may be as ships that pass in the night, ignoring each other with stiff-necks, yet the gods who play with the vanities of humankind find plenty of sport in hurling at us their irony; and, willy-nilly, we and his mightiness next-door may be brought together as closely as were Benjamin Pantier and Nig, his dog; or may come to such predicament as did Barney Hainsfeather:

"If the excursion train to Peoria
Had just been wrecked, I might have escaped with my life—
Certainly I should have escaped this place.
But as it was burned as well, they mistook me
For John Allen who was sent to the Hebrew Cemetery
At Chicago,
And John for me, so I lie here.
It was bad enough to run a clothing store in this town,
But to be buried here—*ach*!"

No; mere quotation, mere recommendation, are not enough to point the varied and unusual quality of this book. It is necessary to read, and then to re-read it: read once, twice, or thrice it will be found every time a joy and stimulus, as I who pen this lame appreciation have discovered.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

BABYLON.*

It was foretold by the prophet Jeremiah that the broad walls of Babylon should be utterly broken; but albeit the prophecy has been fulfilled much too completely and literally for the purposes of the most pious archæologist, the particular providence which overwatches monuments of the past has taken care that—if utterly broken—they have not perished utterly. The work of excavation during recent years has made it possible to reconstruct "the main features" of the great city, and further research will probably open a path to the solution of at least some problems which remain. How much has been accomplished and how much has passed into the domain of exact knowledge may well come as a revelation to those unfamiliar with this department of antiquities, when reading Mr. King's "History of Babylon," being the second volume of a general History of Babylonia and Assyria. The first contains and is entitled "A History of Sumer and Akkad," being an account of the early races of Babylon "from prehistoric times to the foundation of the Babylonian Monarchy," under the dynasty of West Semitic Kings. The present undertaking represents the dynastic period, down to the close of Babylon's independence, in the reign of Xerxes, with a few words on the last flickerings of this great torch of empire amid "ruined temples and seats of worship," on the threshold of the Christian era. The third volume of Mr. King's work will deal with the history of Assyria from its earliest period to the fall of Nineveh. The undertaking is large, and, to judge by the present instalment, not only carries the authority of the writer's knowledge as a Keeper of Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum and Professor of Assyrian and Babylonian Archæology in the University of London, but that of his first-hand acquaintance with the site of Babylon and the exploration performed thereon.

The spell of Babylon is other than the spell of Egypt, like its greatness and its history. Mr. King has done something to reduce the wonder of the Hanging Gardens belonging to the Royal Palace, on the assumption that their site has been correctly identified, about which, however, he thinks that judgment should be suspended for the present. On the other hand, the Tower of Babel seems to loom larger. The illustrations, maps and diagrams which accompany the text are invaluable helps in following descriptive accounts which have themselves the virtue of clearness. It is a title of excellence in a work of this kind that it does not assume much knowledge to begin with on the part of the reader. With very ordinary acquaintance and some care, he learns insensibly as he goes. The last chapter, being an estimate of "cultural influence" exercised by Babylon more especially upon Palestine and Greece, is an admirable piece of work, both from the estimate standpoint and as an informed criticism of views now held by a considerable body of scholarship. In conclusion, Mr. King shows how Babylon "bled to death" by a process of centuries, not by any sudden blow. She diminished in importance as her rival Seleucia grew, owing to superior maritime communications. It was by an economic process of decay, not by a visitation of Heaven, that she became "a desolation among nations." But we may say that, like God Himself, Holy Writ is fulfilled in many ways.

A. E. WAITE.

* "A History of Babylon." By Leonard W. King, M.A., F.S.A. With Maps, Plans and Illustrations. 18s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

DICKENS AS SOCIAL REFORMER.*

I have already written a note on Mr. Crotch's book in the pages of *The Dickensian*; but it seems to me that it deserves wider notice than it is likely to receive in any organ of even the most enthusiastic cult, and so I am trying not to repeat myself in THE BOOKMAN.

Books about great men—and especially great authors—if they are to endure, should do something more than catalogue and recapitulate the elements of the particular hero's greatness, and by lavish quotations from his works eke out a meagre thesis to the dimensions of a goodly volume. They should do more than shine with a reflected light: they should illumine their subject with a light of their own. When I read Boswell's "Johnson"—which I think is a finer book than any that Johnson himself was capable of, and upon which I believe Johnson's fame to rest—or Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt, or Landor, on any of their contemporaries, I am usually imbued with the feeling that here is not merely an interpreter of another's wisdom but a dispenser of his own. And so it is in the case of Mr. Walter Crotch.

Of making many books there is no end. I never recall this text but I wonder if the author of that ancient saw was drawing a fine distinction between book-making and book-writing; whether in his day also there was (as now) a ceaseless output of books of annotation, commentary, and criticism, memoirs and biography, anthologies, and other miscellaneous compendia, which had in themselves no intrinsic value, but relied solely for their success on the stolen pearls they had strung upon their own frayed and dingy strings of verbiage. It may be so. I fancy it must have been so. Because the further we get back into literary history the more likely are we to find that the most popular authors of the day evolved their themes not out of their own imagination, and wrought their effects not out of their own native powers of invention and creation, but went to old fables and folk-lore, or took them boldly, ready-made, from any other little-known and obscure source that offered itself to their wider erudition—even as Shakespeare himself did.

Let me say at once, then, that Mr. Crotch's book is raised altogether above the level of all such fraudulent book-making: first of all by the individuality of its author, and again by the vigour and trenchancy of its style. This book is really not so much a revelation of Charles Dickens as it is a revelation—all unconscious—of Mr. Crotch

* "The Pageant of Dickens." By W. Walter Crotch. 5s net. (Chapman & Hall.)

himself; it is not so much a pageant of Dickens' fictional people and social and political tendencies, as it is a pageant of the people in real life who repel or appeal to Mr. Crotch, and the social and political tendencies to which he lends his countenance and support. You have not gone very far into this book—no further than the first page—before you realise that it was written primarily to express certain sentiments and ideas which lie very close to the author's heart. And with all those sentiments and ideas he discovers that Dickens was in sympathy; as he no doubt very often was, but by no means invariably. He discovers that Dickens was, above all, a democrat, as he himself is; and this is, of course, true enough of Dickens, but only as regards some phases of his personality. There are passages in Dickens which seem to me to indicate that he had in his composition a good deal of Mrs. Pardiggle, a good deal of Mr. Codlin, a very great deal of the detestable Cheerybles and the almost more detestable Mark Tapley; that he could be as arrogant as Mr. Podsnap, as perverse and muddle-headed as Stephen Blackpool, and as blind as Mr. Dombey; and other weaknesses and vices of other of his characters that he satirises I seem to catch glimpses of in himself. Indeed, I am not sure that any man can effectively satirise any other man unless he has some secret fellow-feeling for him.

Photo by Mason.

Charles Dickens,
about 1862.

But Mr. Crotch will not see this. He could if he would: he has the right penetrative instinct; but he will not. Always, and in every facet of his genius, Mr. Crotch finds that Dickens and he are at one. At any rate, that is the impression his book leaves on me. And I am a little sorry, a little vexed, about this. Mr. Crotch is a man with a mind of his own, as he proves when he forsakes his text and talks to us—as he does frequently, charmingly, and altogether convincingly—with a splendid detachment and abandonment born of his own passionate ardour.

That gives the keynote to this book: its passionate ardour. Mr. Crotch lacks nothing in appreciation of Dickens's humour and pathos, his sense of the picturesque and grotesque; but the outstanding quality in Dickens's work which fires his blood and kindles his soul is Dickens's magnificent championship of what he deemed good and right, and his no less magnificent denunciation of what he deemed wrong and bad. I have ventured on a few criticisms of Mr. Crotch's occasionally warped point of view; but whenever he is echoing and expounding Dickens in the mood of the social reformer he is irresistible as Dickens himself, and as far above criticism. It is only afterwards. . . .

In conclusion, however, I would like to say that of all the books on Dickens I have had the good or evil fortune to read, this is the book that pleases me best. It is most gracefully, spiritedly, and at the same time conscientiously, done (all but the proof-reading, which has been done vilely). It is full of interest and entertainment, not only for the Dickensian or for the man or woman who just "likes Dickens rather," but for all and sundry, lovers and long-sufferers and scoffers of Dickens alike. A wide and deep knowledge of Dickens is not at all essential to a due enjoyment of this book. By its own merit, its own force, its own inherent virtues of sincerity and integrity of aim and purpose, but, most of all, by reason of the fact that it reveals its author as a man tender and kind and good, and yet robust, even a little fierce at times, it stands (as we say) on its own base, and is thus a real achievement in literature.

EDWIN PUGH.

AN AMERICAN SPEAKS.*

Not a ripple from the European war disturbs the surface of the essays gathered together by Mr. James Huneker, the accomplished American litterateur, who does so much to inform public taste in the United States.

Unreflecting readers of "Ivory Apes and Peacocks" might easily jump to the conclusion that he lived in a vacuum, and by some fourth dimensional trick passed from his library to concert halls and art galleries, alike unconscious of peoples half choked by squalid conditions in peace times, and massed into heroic union in the time of Armageddon.

His essays were evidently written before the struggle of titanic forces convulsed the world—certainly before the German pirate sank the *Lusitania*, for the memory of that crime would have imposed certain restrictions which are not here observed, and altered a point of view, which now displays a marvel of ante-war detachment. I refer to Mr. Huneker's essays on "Frank Wedekind," "Max Liebemann and some Phases of Modern German Art," and similar intellectual absorptions.

There are, however, many brilliant pages in "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," which one can read with pleasure, particularly the opening essay on Mr. Joseph Conrad. It is a legitimate relief to allow Mr. Huneker to create the frame

* "Ivory Apes and Peacocks." By James Huneker. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

of mind necessary to the entertainment of such considerations, taking us, as they do for a while, from under the shadow of hell, flung far and wide by the Central Powers, into the indestructible sunlight.

"The figure of Joseph Conrad," says the author, "stands solitary among English novelists as the very ideal of a pure and disinterested artist. Amid the clamour of the market-place a book of his is a sea shell, which pressed to the ear, echoes the far-away murmur of the sea; always the sea, either as rigid as a mirror under hard blue skies, or shuddering symphonically up some exotic beach." "Conrad is a painter doubled by a psychologist; he is the psychologist of the sea—and that is his chief claim to originality. . . . Like all true artists, Conrad never preaches. His moral is in suffusion, and who runs may read."

Much, however, can be said for the writer whose passion for life sweeps him beyond the limitations of the conventional reticence Mr. Huneker would impose upon artists. If literature is the flower of life, it is surely as well sometimes to hear what the gardener has to say, even though it may destroy the illusion that the flower came into existence of its own volition.

Ardent Whitmanites, as a corrective to any egregious tendency in their enthusiasm, may be referred to the essay entitled "A Visit to Walt Whitman," a piece of destructive criticism interspersed with ill-natured anecdotes. Mr. Huneker or anyone else is quite entitled to think that Whitman's philosophy is "fudge," but it is open to question whether it is desirable or in good taste to fortify the case against Whitman by quoting what a policeman said at the Philadelphia ferry, "That old gas-bag comes here every afternoon. He gets free rides across the Delaware." It is singular that the only American Mr. Huneker writes about in this book at any length should be torn to pieces.

Mr. Huneker commands respectful attention when he writes of Russian literature. His knowledge of the subject seems to be profound, and readers who only know one or two of the Russian masterpieces can learn much from him. Here again, however, his allegiance to the method of the "disinterested artist" becomes manifest, and his admiration ceases when Tolstoy used his great art consciously for definite ends.

During the course of his acute survey of a wide field these pregnant observations occur:

"Taking Gogol as the norm of modern Russian fiction—we see the novel strained through the rich mystic imagination of Dostoievsky; viewed through the more equable, artistic and pessimistic temperament of Turgenieff, until it is seized by Leo Tolstoy, and passionately transformed to serve his own didactic purposes."

Dostoievsky is praised almost without reservation, though you are not allowed to forget how interesting a case he was for the alienist: "Tolstoy wrote of life; Dostoievsky lived it, drank its sour dregs." Even so must a novelist first grovel in mud before he can describe it? Indeed, Mr Huneker appears to believe that an artist should have no ideal outside his art, that he must be a specialised function, and no more. Were the conditions of the world ideal, something might then be said for that point of view. As things stand, however, such an attitude seems to be a denial of humanity.

Everyone who knows Mr. Huneker's work acknowledges his ability as an art critic. The amount of knowledge he manages to pack into "The Magic Vermeer" will convict well-informed students of ignorance of the Dutch master, beloved of Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has written delightfully about him.

Mr. Huneker also deals with other themes, to which I have not called attention, and always his level of excellence is high, and his opinions definite. He is able to define his own ignorance, and his influence is all the stronger because he nowhere allows the reader to see any of his opinions in the process of formation.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

Of these two books the second is, of course, the more naturally interesting, but, all the same, the first supplies a want that was worth filling up. It contains a list of about 8,000 catalogues of English Book Sales, from the very beginning of the industry in England to the end of the nineteenth century. The series, owing to so many of the catalogues having price and purchasers' names appended, may be described as a sort of colossal "Book Prices Current." The antiquarian bookseller and the curious amateur may now browse upon them with this guide in their hands, gaining endless information about varieties, and stifling their covetousness as best they may.

As to the other book before us, its very title must have an attraction for every book-lover. It suggests at once a genuine by-path of inquiry where, in the wreck of human endeavour, one can trace the hand of death, of failure, and of "unfulfilled renown."

The titles of a few unfinished books spring at once to the mind, "Edwin Drood," "Denis Duval," "Weir of Hermiston," "Celt and Saxon," "The Brothers Karmagov," etc., etc., last or discarded efforts of famous men. But what of the army of mediocre writers who started out with the flourish of a Volume I., only to sink into a subsequent obscurity of well-merited silence? Are they worth recalling? Is it even charitable? Would not Messrs. Corns and Sparke have been better advised if they had been rigidly selective? For, of necessity, many, many books named in their list are as dead as any Dodo ever was. Or, if they must be complete, then they should have been completer. The unfinished books that have escaped their attention are not few. We miss, for instance, any mention of Buxton Forman's "Bibliography of Shelley," Vol. I. of which is all that has ever appeared, or Gowan's and Gray's edition of the "Complete Works of Cervantes," several volumes of which were never issued, or Sabin's "Dictionary of Books relating to America," which never got beyond 'S,' or Astley's "General Collection of Voyages," which, published as far back as 1745–7, remains, we fear, unfinished to this day. These are only chance examples, which anyone could add to with a little trouble.

The work raises this question—what is an unfinished book? Is any fragment to count? Moreover, is a book unfinished that is left so intentionally? We observe that "Christabel" is given here, but there seems to be no place for "Hyperion," for "The Triumph of Life," or for "The Excursion." Surely this is an arbitrary distinction. We do not understand it.

And there are other rather dubious points connected with unfinished books. What, for example, about Learned Societies that have such a way of coming to untimely ends, leaving their year-books and so on in a chaotic hopefulness as to sequels? And what about translations from foreign authors? How many vigorous pens have begun translations of the "Divina Commedia" and stopped at the "Inferno?" Are such books completed or incompleted? Perhaps our authors would argue that that depends on the known intentions of the translator. And, no doubt, a good definition—but what about the unknown intentions? However that may be, we will mention in passing that they have included A. Carlyle's translation of the "Inferno," but not W. M. Rossetti's.

But it would be ungracious to cavil too much at this entertaining volume. The authors have had some hard pioneer work to do, and they have certainly gone a long way to clear up complexities and collect information. Their efforts are bound to be of considerable use to bibliographers.

The title of this work suggests various others of a like nature. We could well do with a bibliography of books known to have been written but which no longer exist,

* "List of Catalogues of English Book Sales, 1676–1900, now in the British Museum." 12s. 6d. net. (Printed by Order of the Trustees.)—"A Bibliography of Unfinished Books in the English Language, with Annotations." By A. R. Corns and A. Sparke. 10s. 6d. net. (Quaritch.)

such as the lost plays of Sophocles; a bibliography of books planned but never written, such as Lord Acton's "History of Liberty"; and, becoming more fantastic, a bibliography of the imaginary books mentioned by novelists, such as the "Mr. Bailey, Grocer" we come upon so often in Gissing's "New Grub Street"; and then, finally, we could well do with (1) a bibliography of books that ought to be written (a hint to the industrious); and (2) a bibliography of books that ought not to have been written (a warning to the industrious). We leave out of our list a bibliography of privately printed books, and of pseudonymous books because existing compilations have partially satisfied that demand.

Such, then, are some of the volumes awaiting authors and publishers—but not, we believe, discriminating readers.

RICHARD CURLE.

THE FIVE TOWNS TRILOGY.*

It is easy to imagine that Mr. Arnold Bennett heaved a sigh of relief when in putting the last touch to "These Twain" he brought to completion his "Clayhanger" trilogy. To pick up again the lives of a whole set of persons from whom you have parted company for a while, to contrive that their characters shall remain the same, and yet grow in reaction to changing circumstances, to show such growth as natural and inevitable, wants some doing, though it is a task that every author must expect who insists on writing a sequel. But there were special difficulties about Mr. Bennett's enterprise, though it is right to say that they too were of his own creating. When the novelist of the Five Towns introduced into the drab routine of his Edwin Clayhanger's career, hitherto a steady if painful climb to affluence, so disturbing and incalculable an influence as that of Hilda Lessways and saddled this heroine with a bigamous past, it seemed odds against his being able to escape lurid melodrama in any account he supplied of the shaking down in matrimony of such an ill-assorted pair.

No wonder, after disposing of some of his obstacles, and elaborating the mere sketch of Hilda that "Clayhanger" had given us into a portrait, in the parallel record which bore her name, he took breath and postponed fulfilling his promise of recording the history of the union. But with so industrious a craftsman as Arnold Bennett difficulties exist only to be overcome, they do but inspire him to the more strenuous effort, And so, though we may be sure that horse-collar work must have been demanded from himself by the author, it is possible to say that the third volume is worthy of the first, which by the way is one of the biggest things in modern fiction, that he has preserved harmony of tone and atmosphere amid all the distractions of new detail, that he has avoided no problem foreshadowed by his scheme, and yet has managed to convey an impression of normal existence, full of shocks, no doubt external and internal, a matter of eternal compromises and readjustments, but essentially sane and therefore convincing, because there is sanity in the protagonists and a sense of humour and perspective in their creator.

Let us see what Mr. Bennett has done in this trilogy as a whole. Besides tracing the evolution of a typically hard-headed and undemonstrative but adaptable Midlander from childhood to maturity, he has submitted to us a picture of Five Towns society, manners and progress ranging over a generation of time. You know that conscientious, deliberate, realistic method of his which relies on the accumulation of an infinite number of remembered details, which with line added to line, as it were, pictures first a single person then the family to which he or she belongs, next their relatives and neighbours, and finally their complete environment, and is all the while indicating the æsthetic, religious, mental conditions of the group, and the revolt of youth and the accommodation of age. Here you find it worked on a prodigious scale. Are you middle aged? Then, and especially if you are provincial-born, you will have recalled for you the domestic appointments, the songs and catchwords, the stale politics, the discoveries and inventions, now so commonplace, of your youth, while at the same time, unless you hail from the Five Towns you will be amused by that gruffness of demeanour, that worship of material success, that self-esteem betraying itself in self-consciousness which is shown as persisting in the townsfolk throughout all the phases of outward change. This then is Mr. Bennett's achievement—on a scale quite sufficiently large he has given us a *Comédie Humaine* of the Potteries, he has made us understand what a corner of England, not hitherto vocal in literature, did, thought, felt in the 'seventies, 'eighties and 'nineties. And he has done it superlatively well.

But he has also accomplished something definite and distinctive in this particular part of his trilogy. Apart from his carrying down his chronicle to the era of the birth of the motor-car, apart from his studies of such parents as the Benbows who make their poor children bank their Christmas presents and solemnly escort their eldest boy to make an apology to the cousin he has fought at school, apart from the full-length view of that pillar of Methodism, Auntie Hamps, who is compact of stringiness and hypocrisy, Mr. Bennett asks our attention for a Five Towns variant of the duel of sex. In a partnership such as that of the Clayhangers, where the husband was jealous of any interference with the claims of business and incapable of displaying his affection save by deeds, while the wife was passionate, exacting, ambitious, and always scheming against her husband for his good, there were bound to be squalls and the constant chance of shipwreck. The novelist details their estrangements, their mutual reproaches, their secret indictments of each other, their kisses and repentances with a vivacity and a truthfulness that are equally beyond dispute. Both are absurd, both unreasonable. Few writers have got better comedy out of the tug of married life.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "These Twain." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

Arnold Bennett.

From a caricature by E. A. Croon-Johnson.

THE POLITICAL JEAN JACQUES.*

After the retirement a short while since from the labours of an active professorship, Dr. C. E. Vaughan has bestowed himself by way of refreshing the machine (as Sir Walter said when he devoted a six weeks' holiday to writing a Waverley novel) to an exhaustive study of the political works of Rousseau. He is heaping coals of fire on the head of that sworn enemy of professors, pundits and personages, for seldom could a philosopher find an editor more completely amenable to discipleship than J. J. Rousseau has done here. The result is commensurate with the magnitude of the effort; it evidently represents an accumulation of the most patient and steadily-directed labour: it enables the editor to bring together for the first time a complete *Recueil* of Rousseau's Political Writings in an exhaustive and collective form, in a manner absolutely worthy in every way of a world classic. The texts are in French, and include in addition to the "Discours sur l'inégalité" the well-known "Contrat Social," "Lettres écrites de la Montagne" and "Consideration pour la gouvernement de Pologne"; also "L'Etat de Guerre," "Constitution pour La Corse," and a number of extracts and illustrations from the non-political works. We further have the first version of the "Contrat Social." Most, but not all, of this material, has been in print before. Had Rousseau seen through the press the definitive collective edition of his works, he would have devoted a section, with some important additions, to "Institutions Politiques." As this was unaccomplished, it has fallen to Dr. Vaughan to give us the complete political gospel of Burke's rival and *bête noir*.

The collection enables us to round off our view of Rousseau as a political thinker. That he should have aspired to be the founder of "Institutions Politiques" at all is remarkable enough. But his life contributed to make him think, with increasing seriousness, if not consistency, on these subjects. Imagine Mr. Galsworthy putting on the robe of Bentham and issuing a succession of Systems as variegated in outline as the "Anticipations" of Mr. Wells. Jean Jacques started out almost an anarchist, the Balaam of Civilisation. He came by his acceptance of super-races and picked climates to look somewhat askance upon the noble savage of his earlier dream. He would assert in no measured terms the sovereignty of the people—no government not founded on democracy could be legitimate or free. But how guarantee a sincere democracy. Only white and temperate zone communities can supply anything approaching it, so that the idea in the end comes to be restricted, as Montesquieu pointed out, to the favoured few. If Burke winds his way into a subject like a serpent, so after his fashion does Rousseau. He certainly sought to make increasing use of the patient, historical method. The editor sums up most of his reasoning in separate introductions to the treatises. The general Introduction alone occupies 117 pages, and is of material importance to the student of Political Science.

In education, fiction, ideas, life, Rousseau has bewitched half the world. It is necessary then, as Dr. Vaughan says, that we should form a sound estimate of his life and character. Are our great romantics the spiritual children of a heartless villain and rogue? Without inscribing "My Saint" on a bust of Rousseau, as a former headmaster did, our Editor is inclined to be a valorous and whole-hearted champion. He adopts and even fortifies Mrs. Macdonald's thesis in her remarkable book of 1906, that Rousseau himself was the victim of a far-reaching literary conspiracy originating from the personal and philosophical jealousy of Grimm, his mistress, Mme. d'Epinay, and their accomplice, Diderot. He rallies Morley with effective pleasantry on his certainly vastly too favourable estimate of Grimm. This spiteful and highly questionable man inspired Mme. d'Epinay to write a polemical romance denouncing Rousseau, and, because the rival philosopher was not yet denigrated enough, he had it all done over again blacker than before. And eventually, in the re-issue by Brunet, the real names were put in! The famous "Mémoires," in fact, are a systematic scaffolding of mendacious detraction from beginning to end. This whitewashes Rousseau successfully after he became a reformed character in the 'fifties, but it hardly says anything to the good Hume's transformation from well-wisher into denunciator. It says nothing to the philosopher's disposition of his children as State foundlings, and nothing to his long submission to the Circe-like enslavement by Mme. de Warens ("Maman"). I am not a Rousseau specialist like Dr. Vaughan, of course, but I have managed to read a certain amount about the Charmettes' period, and the latest evidence thereon such as that contained in Benedetti's book, for instance. It seems plain there that Jean Jacques lived in his prime years from twenty-two to twenty-seven in total idleness at the sole expense of this lady spy (aged nearer forty than thirty) in a relationship to which the epithet of ignoble seems lenient. That the Charmettes should have become the symbol of idyllic love is one of the curious ironies of Blind Circumstance! But, meanwhile, here is an edition which does much credit and honour to English scholarship.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "The Political Writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau." Edited from the original MSS and authentic editions. With Introductions and Notes. By C. E. Vaughan, M.A., Litt.D., Emeritus Professor of English Literature, University of Leeds. 2 vols. 3 guineas. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE STREAM OF NEW VERSE.*

There can be no doubt that the war has given an enormous impetus to minor verse. I do not refer for the moment to those exuberant spirits, who seem to find relief for their feelings in such protests as:

> "Kaiser Bill is jabbering still," . . .

or

> "Wait till we begin
> Tramping through Berlin,
> Unter den Linden! What ho!"

Apparently there are kindred souls which kindle to such martial music, but neither the rhymer nor his public in this kind makes much appeal to criticism. In a different category altogether, and yet a little lower than the representative poetry of its time, stands the solid and ever-increasing array of minor singers, who are impelled by the events of the hour to find utterance in verse, some to reflect contemporary suffering, and some to get away from it: none of them, perhaps, with anything very significant to say, but most of them capable of saying it with skill and melody. And this array is multiplying apace, as the half-dozen characteristic little volumes before me at the moment help to prove.

Let us take Mrs. Mackay, for example: it would not seem very difficult to write the sort of verse which she affects. Her theme is the insistently topical—London of the hour, viewed without illusion, and described in unrhymed verse, which conforms to no metrical scheme, but apparently seeks to reproduce the effect of conversation through the medium of a sort of implicit poetry. At times the poetry vanishes altogether.

> "Will the train never start?
> God, make the train start!"

This kind of translation from prose to metre is only a little short of being ridiculous. But when the writer is possessed by her subject, she contrives to give her rather

* "London, One November." By Helen Mackay. 2s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)—"Drawn Shutters." By Beatrice Redpath. 4s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)—"The Mount of Transfiguration." By Darrell Figgis. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsell.)—"Poems by Two Brothers." By Richard and John Beresford. 2s. 6d. net. (Erksine Macdonald.)—"Invocation." By Robert Nichols. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)—"The Volunteer." By Herbert Asquith. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

jolting measures the indefinable atmosphere of beauty and suggestion.

"Under their stones they lie, in great cathedrals,
Dust and ashes.
But they are not there.
Under grass they lie, in little churchyards,
Dust and ashes.
But they are not there.
Far in strange lands they lie, with no sign over them,
Dust and ashes.
But they are not there.
Under deep seas they lie, lost in sea changes,
Pearl and coral.
But they are not there.

From all their places,
Their worshipped and their unknown places,
They are gone to where the new comers
Give golden shining
Above the dark battle."

There is a mellow half-light about these verses, and it is a half-light also which escapes through Miss Redpath's "Drawn Shutters." So many young poets seem to mistake indefiniteness for suggestion, but you cannot make an entire poem out of a simile.

"The coloured sky curves over me
Like a round copper bowl,
The leafless boughs as tracery
Engraved upon the whole."

These four lines stand all by themselves in the middle of a page, and are entitled "Autumn Sunset." The imagery is sincere enough, but as a complete poem the effort is without form and void. Even in her strongest piece, "The Daughter of Jairus," Miss Redpath loses her impression for lack of the definite stroke; but there is a haunting charm about these lines, which goes home to the imagination.

"She has spoken no word about her curious sleep,
And the light in her eyes we have vainly essayed to read,
The secret of her dream she must hidden keep,
For her lips are framed but to an earthly need.

She has left her sandals lying upon the floor,
And all untasted her goblet of amber wine;
She has gone out to the sun beyond the door
To sit in the cool green gloom of the hanging vine."

Mr. Darrell Figgis is somewhat indefinite also, but at any rate he knows what he is aiming at. The better part of "The Mount of Transfiguration" consists of a series of word-pictures of Wild Ireland; pictures that are not content with portraying the outward features of the place, but endeavour to capture the elusive spiritual aura of mountainside and tarn. There is a certain monotony about the effort, and Mr. Figgis is too easily satisfied with slip-slop workmanship, a thing scarcely pardonable in a theme whose very essence should be an exquisite sensitiveness of touch. Now and again, however, reflected influences (such as that of Mr. W. B. Yeats) prompt the poet to a true effect.

"Upon the high hilltops the heather may be crying,
And over the hilltops the voice of men are heard,
But here only water lapping and sighing,
Or the wail of a bird.

Peace, peace, and peace, from the inner heart of dream,
More full of wisdom than speech can tell,
Dropt like a veil round the show of things that seem
With an invisible spell."

There seems to be something wrong about the second line, but the picture as a whole, attains its aim.

The "Two Brothers" who have boldly adopted the Tennysonian title, write exceedingly alike: it would be impossible, without the names to guide one, to distinguish the work of Richard from that of John. Both are intensely sensitive to natural beauty—flowers, birds, and the call of the wind, and both have a certain affinity to the Caroline poets. There is much economy of workmanship, brevity, and fine finish: and now and then a modern note breaks through with sudden melody. Here, for instance, is Mr. Richard Beresford at his best:

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This novel is Kuprin's first, and the one which made his name, for it caused a great stir when it was published, being looked upon as an indictment of the Army. The author's talents lie undoubtedly in the direction of satire, and his studies exhibit relentless observation and a power of making his characters live in the mind of the reader.

RUSKIN HOUSE, 40, MUSEUM STREET, W.C.

"I hear bold thrushes calling
Where thick the laurels crowd,
The crested skylark falling
Melodious from his cloud,
The corncrakes, and they crying,
And curlew keening loud.

The skylark for the merry,
The curlew for the sad,
Piping the runes of Connacht—
I hear them and am glad."

And here Mr. John Beresford, to equal advantage:

"A purple crocus in the grass
Sang to the sunny hours that pass:
'If Time so beautiful may be
What bliss can hold Eternity?'

A golden crocus answered him—
His petals burning at the brim:
'Time and Eternity are one,
Man portions what was ne'er begun;
The past, the present, the to be
Are shadows of Infinity.'"

So far, our poets, it is clear, have been singing to escape from the noise of war. We end with two singers inspired directly by the personal experience of battle. The dedication of Mr. Robert Nichols' little sheaf of poetry to his father, Mr. John Bowyer Buchanan Nichols, will recall pleasant poetic reminiscences to the Oxford men of the early 'eighties, and the singer of "Inez de Castro" has good reason to be proud of the degree of talent which his son has inherited at his hands. Mr. Nichols writes with fervour and strength; and every poem that he writes has heart. That, after all, is what so many skilful modern artificers lack. They have the trick of phrase, a modest vision, and some flitting imagination; but they so seldom seem to mean anything. They so seldom seem to have heart. But the author of "Invocation" has looked death in the face, and his half-regretful resignation will find an echo in many yearning hearts to-day.

"Now when I feel the hand of Death draw near,
While yet no laurel stands upon my brow,
I ask what can sustain me, what is dear
Was dear once and remains so even now?
Fame, Wisdom, Love, the high inheritance
Of noble words and actions can no more
Beacon my spirit, being changed of chance
To the bright rags on which the crazed set store.

Grown child again I turn my thoughts—too late—
Back to the quiet house upon the hill
Where shine—alas! more than sea-separate—
Those human hearts I loved, and harder still
Eyes too oft grieved by th' importunate
And crooked workings of my hazard will."

I take this to be one of the most poignant poems produced by the present war, and Mr. Herbert Asquith's "Volunteer" is worthy to stand by it, shoulder to shoulder.

"Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament:
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight into spacious dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt."

The whole inspiration of the new soldiery is here: it is a heroism that, so far as this country is concerned, has long been a stranger to warfare, for one has to go back many centuries to find the whole of Britain under arms. But now:

"As goes the Sun-God in his chariot glorious,
When all his golden banners are unfurled,
So goes the soldier, fallen but victorious,
And leaves behind a twilight in the world.
And those, who come this way in days hereafter,
Will know that here a boy for England fell,
Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter,
And on the charge his days were ended well."

The war which has bred that spirit in our youth can hardly fail, whatever its sacrifice, to mould the manhood of the nation into a mintage worthy of its high traditions.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE WAY OF THE WAR.

For a vivid and moving narration of what the sons of our Empire have been doing since they were made into soldiers, we have had no book that equals in interest and in literary quality "Canada in Flanders."[1] This is the first volume of the official story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and Sir Max Aitken has written it as one of the finest, gallantest stories of the war deserved to be written. The whole glorious record of their first year of war is unfolded with the right careful attention to detail, from the rising, training and mobilisation of Canada's forces, to their arrival on the stricken fields of Flanders, their strenuous, perilous life in the trenches, their magnificent fighting at Neuve Chapelle, at Ypres, at Festubert, at Givenchy. No battle-pictures in English literature are more thrilling, more intensely alive than are Sir Max Aitkin's descriptions of those terrific engagements that will be for ever now part of the glory of Canada. "Canada in Flanders" is in every way worthy of its theme, and no praise could be higher than that. It is a book that is sure of a lasting place among the literature of the world-war.

Few of the many books I have read about the war have given me more pleasure than has "The Making of a Soldier."[2] It is an intimate, homely record that might have been written about thousands of families in England to-day—the life-story of the one son of the house, from his childish days, to the time when the war breaks upon us and he takes up his share of the burden, and enlists. There are no heroics; though they know it is his duty, and cannot bring themselves to utter a word to dissuade him, his father and mother, when the hour comes, do not want him to go; even hope in their hearts that he may not pass the doctor. But he passes; is sent to the front; and you are made to share the anxiety of his people at home, and to understand how they gradually reconcile themselves to the worst that may happen. It is not an effort of imagination, but just a frank and most poignant revelation of things that are true; and the charm and power of the book lie in the perfect simplicity with which it is done.

"The Epic of Dixmude"[3] is another great story—this time of the splendid courage and endurance of our indomitable allies, the French; the story of the heroic things accomplished by the Brigade of Marines, the sturdy Breton sailormen who helped to cover the retreat from Antwerp, stubbornly kept watch on the Yser, and, enormously outnumbered, held the Germans at bay around Dixmude. It is the wonderful simplicity of these men as well as their wonderful bravery that captivates you; and in the course of the narrative you come to know and to admire them for both. To show the relations between the men and their officers—the author was struck by some deep and tender words uttered by one of the marines about his lieutenant who had been killed in action, and asked, "But why did you love him so?" and the man answered, "I don't know. . . . We loved him because he was brave, and was always saying things

[1] 1s. net. By Sir Max Aitken. With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. Bonar Law, M.P., and an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

[3] By Charles Le Goffic. With Maps and Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

that made us laugh . . . but above all, because he loved us."

"My Army, O, My Army"[1] comes from Australia, and will need no recommendation to any who knows the other work of Mr. Henry Lawson. He has written here a series of stirring and vigorous ballads and songs of the war, and whether he is giving you lighter interludes, such as "The Mate Can Do No Wrong," or grim chaunts of the Russian advance, such as "The March of Ivan" and "Grey Wolves, Grey," whimsical sketches such as "A New John Bull," or rousing, thrilling things such as "Song of the Dardanelles," "Booth's Drum" or "Fighting Hard," he puts real heart and enthusiasm into his work, so that his verses grip your imagination and set your blood singing and sometimes move you to laughter, and sometimes bring tears of pride in the valour of brave men tingling into your eyes. It is a book of breezy war verse that you will read with delight. Another is "More Ballads of Field and Billet," by W. Kersley Holmes, a lieutenant in the Lothian and Border Horse.[2] Last year, Mr. Holmes published his "Ballads of Field and Billet," and the book met with instant success, and thoroughly deserved it. His new volume offers more pictures of the life of the soldier in camp and on duty, and in its humour and homely realism and patriotic ardour has the same sterling qualities that won such wide favour for its predecessor. There are a number of miscellaneous poems included in a second section, but good as many of these are, the soldier ballads are better—it is these that give the book its distinctive note and make it a book worth buying and keeping. Mr. Frederick William Wile has compiled in "Who's Who in Hunland,"[3] a glossary of persons, issues, places and things we read about in Germany that should be invaluable to all and sundry who want to read the war news intelligently.

C. W.

[1] By Henry Lawson. 1s. (Sydney: Tyrrells.)
[2] 1s. 6d. net. (Paisley: Alex Gardner.)
[3] 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Mr. Warwick Deeping,
author of 'Unrest" (Cassell). Mr. Deeping is now on active service with the R.A.M.C. in Egypt.

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Novel Notes.

UNREST. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

Nature has a broad, uncomplaining back. That, no doubt, is why we are always ready to saddle her with our youthful, hot-blooded vices. But here, in Mr. Deeping's new novel, long-suffering Nature is called to account for an act committed not in the thoughtlessness of youth, but in the riper years of maturity, an act—let it be said at once—of supreme caddishness and treachery on the part of Martin Frensham, the successful dramatist. Martin has not even the doubtful plea of the youth who is sowing his wild oats. He is a man no longer in his twenties, a man who has just completed seven happy years of married life with the most charming woman in Europe; yet Nature comes stealthily along, picks him up in her forceful arms and flings him willy-nilly into the voracious embraces of a leopardess woman. To explain how Martin could leave the delightful and inspiring companionship of his wife for the merciless physical infatuation of the predatory Judith Ruddiger, the author depicts Martin as the victim of second youth. "Superfluous vitality—that was part of his trouble; one of those periods of rejuvenescence that trick even the strong man once or twice in his career. He becomes the boy again; it is his fate to teach himself that the apples beyond the wall are not sweeter than those he can pick in his own garden. Nine times out of ten he has to learn that the forbidden fruit will set his teeth on edge." This then is the theme of the novel, and a very absorbing, if provocative, theme it becomes under Mr. Deeping's sensitive treatment. The short-lived triumph of Judith, the process of Martin's disillusionment, and the agonising mental states that accompany it, the magnanimity of the wife who waits to welcome back the prodigal, are drawn with a sure and delicate touch. And Mr. Deeping has not forgotten how to visualise for us the pleasanter and less passionate side of Nature, whether it be the lure of an Italian landscape or the charm of a Sussex garden.

THEODORA—A SOUL ON FIRE. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Theodora Carne was a young English girl of surpassing beauty. She lured men as easily as the Lorelei drew her victims, and to an equally fatal end. For Theodora was a witch—a witch of the *n*th degree; in fact the re-incarnation of a witch who lived in the Middle Ages. Dogs and cats, tigers and humans alike felt the fascination of her power. While yet a young thing of twenty, she confessed to nine murders—the first of which happened when she was eight years of age. The spell of her compelling eyes could only be broken by the sound of the divine Name—uttered in English *bien extendu*—otherwise her own name would have done as well. Love, of course, was to be her salvation, and failing ordinary lovers—all of whom were liable to fatal accidents at the lady's hands—a Catholic priest came to the rescue, and by his endeavours aided by the science of a German doctor, Theodora was saved from herself. All these wonders took place in the modern city of Montreal, while merchants were busy at their desks, and suffragists went about the streets. One is tempted to say that the writing is better than the story, which many will find incredible and repulsive, but according to the famous formula "for those who like this sort of book, this is the sort of book they will like."

THE SPIRIT AND THE LAW. By Edith Mary Moore. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

There could have been no more fitting stage for this fine novel than the sombre beauty and vast loneliness of Dartmoor. Something of its austerity, its vigorous air, its splendid desolation seems to enter into the characters and lives of Martin Longrigg and Lucy Peatfield, and make the tragedy of their love too high and ennobling a passion to be merely a thing for tears. Martin, the village shoemaker, and Lucy, the daughter of a Dartmoor farmer, grow upon your imagination to the dignity of figures in Greek drama. When they first meet, Martin, an idealist,

Mrs. Edith Mary Moore.
From a pastel by Charlotte B. Ward.

a man of intellect and of rugged, independent thought, is already married to a slatternly wife, who fills him with repugnance and drives him to find forgetfulness in drink, and out of this degeneration his love for Lucy upraises him. He has that "courage of the spirit" which prompts a man to break the fetters of conventionality and differentiate between the laws of man and the laws of God and nature; and the same courage is in Lucy, or he inspires her with it. "For each man there is the only way," he tells himself; "a way no other man may make, though others may use it after. For every man there is the woman; for every woman the man. A mysterious and spiritual choice, beyond the reckoning of men's laws." And so he treads "the way of a larger faith, and of the necessity of life which is Love"; and Lucy treads it with him. The story might have ended in common happiness, or in disillusion, but there came an hour when his faith failed him, and so the end is not happy, and yet is better, in its way, than any other could have been. All the detail of the book is admirably touched in; the men and women of the tale are drawn skilfully, sympathetically, and with a sure understanding of human character. "The Spirit and the Law" is a powerful and deeply interesting novel. It handles a great moral problem courageously, sincerely, and with a narrative cunning that is scarcely excelled even by our greatest living novelist.

BECAUSE OF PHŒBE. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

If you want to make the acquaintance of the most charming, yet the most irresponsible of women, then you must read "Because of Phœbe." It is a simple story of everyday life in a modern, and therefore of necessity a war-time, setting, wherein villains, properly punished, invariably repent, and good people are suitably rewarded. Yet this book is redeemed from the commonplace by the delightful humour of the heroine, Ann Desmond, her original manner of treating her creditors, and her all-pervading, all-forgiving mother spirit. The doings of several quaintly humorous characters, bound together by the harum-scarum mother-love of Ann, form the plot of this slight but very pleasing book. Ann is a dear, delightful Irishwoman, who in spite of years, debt and difficulties, resolutely refuses to grow up. She perpetrates a romantic second marriage, while possessing a daughter who is a most abominable prig; yet through it Ann retains

the heart of a child. It is all a little disorderly and disjointed, as though Ann's character had overflowed and influenced the writing of the story; but the moral—if so dainty a thing can be said to have a moral—is certainly, that only in the true and unaffected enjoyment of life, lies that indefinable quality which we call "charm"; and this theory "Because of Phœbe" conclusively proves.

HUMAN NATURE. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

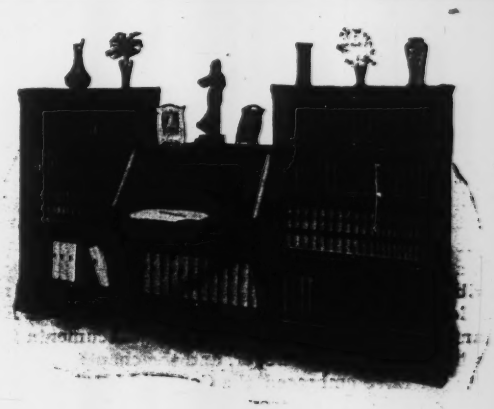
THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL. By Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. (John Long.)

Nothing is more acceptable to the average reader than an exciting mystery plot which gradually evolves through a maze of thrilling incidents to a happy and satisfactory conclusion. Those who are weary of "problem" novels, and of real-life stories that are sometimes unnecessarily sordid and depressing, will turn with relief to the novelist who simply sets out to tell a good tale—a tale with plenty of movement and adventure, and bristling with dramatic situations. Mrs. Leighton's two latest novels, "Human Nature" and "The Man Who Knew All," are written with all her usual ingenuity and animation. In the first story a man who is supposed to be heir to a certain great estate proves to be in reality the son of a workman; he and the rightful heir had been exchanged, for a very plausible reason, a few hours after they were born; the murder of the rightful heir creates deeper complications, and each startling event is capped by a newer and more startling one. The other book, "The Man Who Knew All," opens with a strange marriage between a dying man and a woman he has met that day for the first time in his life, and from such a startling beginning it develops into a thoroughly exciting story. Mrs. Leighton has a fertile imagination for concocting unusual situations, and her gift in this direction has never been displayed to better advantage than in these two books.

The Bookman's Table.

MARLBOROUGH, AND OTHER POEMS. By C. H. Sorley. 3s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The friends of Charles Hamilton Sorley, who, a captain though not quite out of his nonage, was killed in France last October, have committed no indiscretion in publishing this volume of his poetry; and, in choosing for a title-piece that poem which he called by the name of his old school, they have shown a nice sense of fitness. For it is clear that Sorley cared for Marlborough as Gray cared for Eton or Lionel Johnson for Winchester; and the pre-eminent spirit of his poetry is a keenness which, though he afterwards carried it into other more hazardous places, is primarily that of the playing fields. It is, in fact, that of which, a little idealistically, we speak, specifically, as the public-school spirit—at once romantic and humorous and entirely honest. Many of these poems are actually a schoolboy's work, having been written when their author was not more than seventeen; and the latest of them, of course, is still the work of a boy. But it is not only for that that they are notable. They are far more than promising. In some ways, indeed, they are not characteristic juvenilia. They have a charming freshness, and occasional crudities, which, though we cannot help finding them rather charming also, their author's mature judgment would probably have condemned and chastened; but they are neither extravagant nor imitative. There is revolt in them, a healthy impatience of sluggishness and shibboleths, but there is no trace of alliterative pessimism. Spirit and form are alike disciplined. "The Song of the Unjut Runners" is a poem likely to become well known—is poetry that has been in training. That Sorley might have been at least as successful in prose as he was in verse, the few pages of "Behind the Lines" are sufficient to show. At one point the fancy comes dangerously near to over-elaboration; but the effect aimed at by a difficult method is achieved with almost perfect success.



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CITY CENTRES OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY. By R. A. Aytoun, M.A. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Aytoun takes eight cities, Jerusalem, Ephesus, Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, Edessa, Carthage and Rome, in order to group round them information about the distinctive types of Christianity with which they were associated. This is not exactly the order in which they appear in the study of the Church; Antioch precedes Ephesus, and Edessa as well as Carthage and Rome are prior to Constantinople. But Mr. Aytoun succeeds in presenting these centres of Christianity in their characteristic features, and his book is well adapted to interest readers in the variety of methods and tempers which contributed to the Christian propaganda. It is rather hazardous to take the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of James, and the Odes of Solomon as documents for the Church of Jerusalem, however, and the chapter on Ephesus might well have embraced the Council of Ephesus, for the "Mother of God" controversy had a direct connection with the Phrygian soil of the new faith. Carthage, Alexandria, and Rome naturally receive the fullest attention. The closing chapter on Iona and Lindisfarne is, strictly speaking, off the line suggested by the title, but it rounds off the story, and no British reader will object to its insertion. It serves as a useful reminder that even the great cities round the Mediterranean basin did not absorb the Christian propaganda; there were local centres in the East as well as in the West, where city-civilisation formed no part of the basis for missions, and the Christianity of the cities themselves, important as it was, did not represent the Christianity of the province or district. These are considerations which have to be borne in mind. But Mr. Aytoun's method has its advantages, from the lecturer's point of view; the danger of hasty generalisation is counterbalanced by the gain in concrete and vivid detail. The book forms a readable and thoroughly interesting introduction to the popular study of the church's growth during the early centuries.

THE MORALITY OF NATIONS: An Essay on the Theory of Politics. By C. Delisle Burns. 5s. net. (University of London Press.)

There is an increasing tendency to attack our present methods of diplomatic and commercial intercourse with foreign countries. Mr. Burns has not adopted the manner of newspapers and fixed upon individuals or certain departments for censure. His reproach is more broadly philosophical in its tone. To deal with the modern state our diplomatic weapons are old-fashioned: in short, we have improved and perfected our weapons of physical offence and grossly neglected our means of international intercourse. That is the sum total of Mr. Burns' accusation, and there will be few people so obstinately conservative to combat it. And so with the greater number of the points raised in this book few will be inclined to quarrel. In speaking of the German temperament Mr. Burns shows that philosophers rather than historians formed it; that Hegel rather than Treitschke was responsible for the German attitude towards world affairs. As to his conclusions Mr. Burns believes that just as individuals adopt higher moral standards, so nations will gradually do the same. He makes no allowance, however, for sudden reversions to old types or (for example) the holding up by one nation of an ideal repugnant to all others. It is possible that the futility of war will be proved far sooner than its immorality. There may be much divergence of opinion on some of the points raised in this book, but taken at large, it is a thoughtful attempt to deal with a problem which daily assumes a more difficult and threatening aspect, and which must be solved sooner or later in a manner satisfactory to all.

THE GREEKS TRIUMPHANT. By Captain A. H. Trapmann. 7s. 6d. net. (Forster, Green).

Until the actual outbreak of the Great War it cannot be said that any one of the Balkan States enlisted the unqualified sympathy of the British people. That Turkey, on account of its hideous misrule and its bestial atrocities, deserved to be expelled "bag and baggage" from Europe was an idea that found favour in the eyes not only of most Liberals but even of many Unionists. The Bulgarians again had put themselves absolutely outside the pale of civilisation by the abominations they committed in the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913, at Adrianople, at Nigritta, at Serres, and at Doxat. The Serbians had scarcely recovered from the odium which they had incurred by the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga when the cruel murder of the Austrian heir-apparent and his consort involved them in fresh blood-guiltiness. The Roumanians were unpopular in these isles because, save that they instituted no *pogroms*, they were little behind the Russians in their ill-treatment of the Jews. While the Greeks were despised for their mingled chicanery and pusillanimity, for the extortions which their small traders wrung from the simple Egyptian peasantry and for the cowardice which their soldiers had displayed in the war with Turkey in 1897. That the Greeks are likely to be reinstated in our affections within the immediate future seems scarcely probable. Confronted with the Scylla of Central European land-power and the Charybdis of Anglo-French sea-power they have made "the great refusal" of aid to their ally Serbia. And their King's recent confession of his scepticism as to the possibility of the ultimate victory of the Allies is scarcely calculated to make English people forget the not too creditable part which the Kaiser's brother-in-law played as generalissimo eighteen years ago. In these circumstances it is just as well that Captain A. H. Trapmann, who accompanied the Greek forces in their last two wars and was given unique opportunities of studying the work of the Staff, should in a volume to which he gives the somewhat provocative title of "The Greeks Triumphant" furnish a clear, detailed and sympathetic account of the well-earned reputation which the Hellenic Army achieved in those campaigns. Otherwise it is to be feared that King Constantine might go down to history as unchronicled and as unfamed as those earlier warriors who *fortes vixerunt ante Agamemnona*. Needless to say Captain Trapmann is as anti-Bulgarian as he is pro-Greek. He has some most gruesome stories to tell of the Bulgarian massacres at Nigritta and at Doxat, and he computes that the Bulgarians wiped out anything between 200,000 and 450,000 of the Turkish civilian population of Macedonia and Thrace. It only remains to add that this instructive and vivacious history of the Greek victories is most amply provided with maps.

Notes on New Books.

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The Angel and the Animal. by Mrs. N. Lee (6s.) is a story of the eternal struggle between the angel and the animal that exists in every individual, showing how a woman, married to one man and in love with another, defies all the rules of convention and sacrifices her reputation, rather than be false to her own feelings. It is a dramatic and didactic novel. Mrs. Lee writes scathingly of religious bigots who make Christianity a mockery, and pleads that our social laws should be the same for men as for women. Sad in parts, the tale handles the darker facts of life with reticence, and has its lessons for the thoughtful reader.

MESSRS. MAUNSEL & CO.

Mr. Stephen J. Brown, whose "Reader's Guide to Irish Fiction" and "A Guide to Books on Ireland" have taken their places as standard works on this subject, gives us in **Ireland in Fiction** (7s. 6d. net) a very complete and useful guide to Irish novels, tales, romances, and folk lore. We have tried to catch him napping and convict him of omissions, but have failed to do so. There is a brief biographical note about every author included, a full list of each author's novels or tales of Irish life and character, with a summary of the book's contents and a word of criticism as to the style and general treatment. It is an ideal reference book in its kind; the condensed biographies and synopses are lucid, and supply all needful information, and the brief critical comments are admirably crisp and shrewd.

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